"SHE WAS CLUTCHING THE FATAL TELEGRAM."

(*See page* 116.)

BETWEEN THE ACTS

TRANSLATED
FROM THE FRENCH
OF M. BLOWITZ.

IT was in 1870, when war had just been declared.

MacMahon had received orders to cross the frontier, and strike a decided blow against the combined armies of North and South Germany.

In Paris, as indeed throughout the whole of France, everyone was in a state of feverish anxiety; but in the gay capital, the Parisians endeavoured to make the days of suspense pass more quickly by *fêting* the expected victory.

One could hear the clinking of glasses at the out-door restaurants, the music of the *cafés-chantants*, and the carriages filed incessantly along the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées.

The theatres, too, were well patronized, particularly one on the Boulevards a certain evening when Mlle. Jeanne de Bolney was to make her *début*.

The papers had foretold a most brilliant success for the beautiful young actress, who was so marvellously gifted, and who would no doubt become the star of the season. She had chosen for her *début* "La Dame aux Camélias," which was at that time in the height of its popularity, and the author himself had said that the rôle of *Marguerite* might have been written for this talented young actress, so admirably did it suit her in every respect. From the very first act it was quite evident that her beauty and her talent had not been overrated.

The sight of her even had won all hearts. A faultless figure, a delicate, refined face, with lips which were at once proud and tender, eyes of deep blue with the most frank expression, a perfectly shaped head, and a carriage which would have done honour to any queen.

At the sight of this exquisite creature a murmur of approbation ran through the house and interrupted, for a few seconds, the dialogue.

At the end of each scene the ovations increased, and after the second act there was a perfect explosion of applause. Among those who were most delighted at Jeanne's triumph was a young man who belonged to the theatre —Louis Belcourt. It was through his influence that she had succeeded in making her *début*, for the manager of this theatre always preferred pupils from the Conservatoire.

Louis had known and loved Jeanne from boyhood, and there was something infinitely noble and touching in this devoted yet hopeless love. It was, indeed, of a kind rarely seen in any man, for it had not blinded

him, and he could see and admire the good qualities of his rival—the man to whom Jeanne had given all her love.

It had been very romantic, the engagement of the beautiful young actress. A short time before, at the Longchamps races, she had been glancing at the grand stand, where Napoleon III. and the ladies of the Court were seated, when suddenly she became aware of two handsome dark eyes fixed upon her. She looked away, but, as though fascinated, a few minutes later she glanced again at the place behind the Court ladies, and she saw a military-looking man, whose face was bronzed by the southern sun, and who had risen from his seat and was gazing earnestly at her, as though he too were fascinated by some spell.

Not long after, Roger de Morfeuille, officer in the Emperor's regiment, had discovered who Jeanne was. It was an extraordinary engagement; no word of the future had been spoken between them. Roger knew that he would have to leave, for war had been declared, and that until the result of that war should be known he could promise nothing. The subject of the future was not even broached between them. Jeanne knew only that their path in life must be together; she felt that it must be so, and there was no need for words. Only when the terrible parting came, when Roger had to leave to join his regiment, he slipped a ring he always wore on to her finger and took from hers one for himself, and still no words were spoken as to the future.

After the second act of the "Dame aux Camélias," when the curtain had been lowered for the sixth time, and Jeanne had for the sixth time answered to the enthusiastic recalls, she went slowly up to her room. She felt overwhelmed; perhaps it was the excess of happiness at her good fortune which weighed on her like this. Roger knew that it was the day of her *début;* she felt certain that, even amid the smoke of the battlefield, he would not forget it. She hardly dared own it even to herself, but all day she had expected some little souvenir from him, some sign or word of sympathy; for was she not too fighting a battle, one of those battles which decided the life of individuals just as much as his did that of nations? On opening her dressing-room door a flash of mingled triumph, love, and pride came over her as she caught sight of a telegram on her table.

She closed her door quickly, not noticing that Louis Belcourt was following her quietly along the corridor.

Suddenly, through the thick doors and curtains, in the silence of the empty corridor, Belcourt heard a fearful cry. It was so wild and passionate that a shiver ran through him. He opened the door and was just in time to catch Jeanne in his arms. She was livid with horror, and was clutching the fatal telegram in her hands.

Just as he was wondering what to do for the best, Jeanne's pallor gave way to a rush of colour to her cheeks. She read the telegram to him: "We have been defeated at Woerth. They are taking me to a house near by. Amputation probable. Pray for me. My love, darling.—ROGER." Belcourt glanced at the telegram and saw that it was unintelligible, but a kind of alphabet on the table showed him that it had been written by signs agreed upon.

He stood as though thunderstruck. Suddenly Jeanne put on a hat and threw a long brown cloak over her stage dress.

"What are you going to do?" he exclaimed.

"I am going to Roger!"

"But, in Heaven's name, Jeanne, stay a little while. The curtain will be going up. Think what you are doing. You will be ruined—you will spoil your whole life. Wait till to-morrow!"

"Listen," said Jeanne, in a clear, decided tone. "It is now a quarter to ten. I know there is a train from the Gare de l'Est at eleven, for I have sent my letters by a friend of Roger's who is going by it. If you prevent my going by that train, you see this dagger; well, I will kill myself with it!"

Louis stepped back, dazed and horror-struck. Jeanne opened the door, went quickly out by a back door, and Louis followed her, watched her hail a cab, and drive away.

When Belcourt re-entered the theatre he found everyone behind the scenes in a terrible state of excitement.

Mlle. de Bolney could not be found. The house was impatient, and the manager desperate. He was sending for the police that she might be found and arrested. Suddenly Belcourt, at the idea of the possible fatal consequences of Jeanne's flight, determined on a bold move.

He stepped up to one of his friends who had been taking part in the play, whispered to him, and appeared to be begging him to consent to what he asked.

Finally the friend yielded, opened the door and walked towards the stage. Then Belcourt,

pushing away the director and stage manager who attempted to stop him, gave the signal to lift the curtain, and appeared himself before the house. A deep silence ensued.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Belcourt, "Mlle. de Bolney has received a telegram announcing that there has been a disaster on the German frontier and our army has sustained a defeat. She is overwhelmed by the news, and we must ask you to have patience until she feels able to continue her rôle."

A dismal silence followed these words. Belcourt's friend now stepped forward and executed the order he had received:—

"We, too, are surely as good patriots as Mademoiselle de Bolney! Surely the play ought not to be finished before a French audience, who have just heard that our army is defeated!"

Cries of "*Bravo!*" were heard, and, unanimously, the whole house rose and prepared to leave the theatre.

Belcourt had saved the honour of Jeanne and of the theatre.

The rumour of the defeat of Reichshoffen, which the Government was keeping secret, was soon spread abroad in Paris by the spectators who had heard it from Belcourt, and the news caused a fearful calm in the gay capital.

Belcourt had been congratulated by all the authorities of the theatre on his happy idea, but just as he was preparing to leave the theatre that same night he was seized by a police official and conducted to the Mazas prison on a charge of "having divulged a State secret," a crime always punished at least by hard labour, and, in time of war, by death.

"SHE IS OVERWHELMED BY THE NEWS."

For more than a month Belcourt had been in Mazas prison, with nothing to look forward to but dishonour or death. He had been questioned over and over again as to how he had discovered the secret, but in vain; nothing could induce him to give any details, for he did not know whether Jeanne would forgive him for having said so much as he had. The next day sentence was to be passed upon him.

Successive defeats had embittered the minds of his judges, and it was pretty sure that he had little chance of getting off without paying the full penalty of his *crime*. Belcourt was thinking sadly of his hopeless love for Jeanne, which had caused him to act as he had done in order to save her, when suddenly the door of his cell opened and the porter announced: "Madame the Countess de Morfeuille." It was Jeanne herself, dressed in the deepest mourning.

Her beautiful hair had some silvery threads, her face was cold and severe as marble, her beautiful mouth was rigid, her eyes seemed to be gazing at some invisible object, and she had a deathly pallor—such as one sees on the faces of those who have received some mortal wound.

It was pathetic to see so fair and so young a girl in such hopeless despair, and Belcourt was deeply touched by it.

"You are free, Louis," she said, gently but sadly. "The Empress herself has asked

for your release. Thank you so much, my friend, for all you did for me. I came directly I heard of your imprisonment. My husband had only just been brought home and buried at Morfeuille."

"'YOU ARE FREE, LOUIS,' SHE SAID."

Very soon after, Jeanne returned to her husband's stately home, that she might visit daily the tomb of him she had so dearly loved, and who had married her on his death-bed.

When Louis had tried to console her and gently hinted that she was too young to go through the rest of her life alone, she had answered, decidedly :—

"Do not ever speak to me of anyone else. I will live and die the widow of Roger, and will certainly never be anyone else's wife."

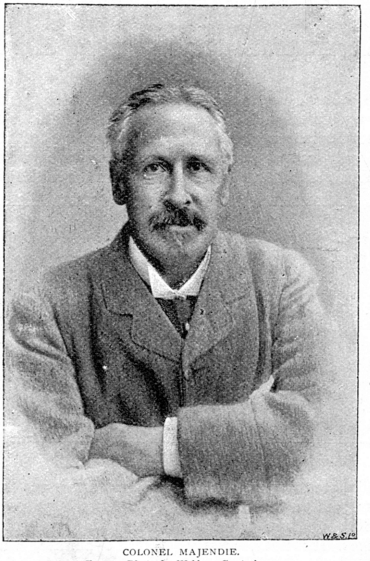
It was thus that a great artiste was lost to the French stage, but the memory of that *début* will never be lost to any of those who witnessed it.

Crimes and Criminals.

No. I.—Dynamite and Dynamiters.

IT is not intended that the series of articles we propose publishing in these pages under the above title should in any way give rise to alarm, or be an incentive to disturbed and restless nights. On the other hand, a better knowledge of how crimes are concocted and ultimately carried into effect may, perhaps, provide a course of much-needed lessons usually omitted in one's early education. It is said that the public seldom trouble to protect themselves, and for a very good reason, they don't know how; and it is only by becoming on a more familiar footing with the manners and customs of those enterprising individuals who seek to shatter anything between our nerves and our residences, either by relieving us of our purse or planting a dangerous species of explosive at our front doors, that we are the better able to take care of ourselves, our relatives, and our belongings—ourselves, perhaps, for choice.

At New Scotland Yard a large apartment is devoted to the exhibit of ten thousand and one records of crime, in the shape of the actual weapons, and what not, associated with particularly notorious, and, in some instances, almost historic, deeds. A visit to this place is the finest and most complete nerve-tester in the world! The authorities at New Scotland Yard have kindly placed this room and its contents at our disposal; and each of the separate cases, which severally contain exhibits of some distinctive branch of punishable offences, requires a chapter to itself. The most recently arrived exhibit is one which, at the present time, possesses a peculiar interest. In the centre of the room is a glass case, which provides a resting-place for mementos of the more important outrages and attempts and suspicious cases of discoveries of explosives which have called for the attention of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives for the last fifteen or twenty years—Colonel V. D. Majendie, C.B., H.M. Chief Inspector of Explosives, and Colonel A. Ford; whilst Dr. Dupré has throughout been associated with these gentlemen as chemical expert. As an expert in explosives, no name is better known than that of Colonel Majendie, a man in the prime of life, of indomitable energy and immovable disposition; who may be singled out as being engaged in the two extremes of business and pleasure. His business: dynamite, gunpowder, and all the kindred blasting operatives; his pleasure: the "Children of Paules," as the choir boys of St. Paul's Cathedral used to be designated. In his room at the Home Office slabs of American dynamite, infernal machines, and detonators; in his rooms at home walls covered with portraits of these tuneful youngsters, many of them in the whitest of white surplices; while the drawers of his desk are brimming over with youthful letters from the past and present choristers of the great Cathedral. Colonel Majendie never destroys a dynamite relic — or a child's letter. Both are too precious.



COLONEL MAJENDIE.
From a Photo. by Webber, Canterbury.

Such is Colonel Majendie, the sworn enemy of dynamiters; and it was in company with him that the writer visited New Scotland Yard and examined, one by one, the contents of the case already referred to, and associated them with the various

incidents in which they were designed to play—and, in some instances, succeeded in playing—so prominent a part.

It may be said that the more serious attempts to devote dynamite to the very reverse purpose from what it was intended for commenced in 1881, when, on the 14th January of that year, an attempt was made to blow up the barracks at Salford. Very little damage was done to the barracks, but a lad was killed and another injured. In all the subsequent attempts to destroy life and property, only one other death has occurred. On the Christmas Eve of 1892, an infernal machine exploded outside the Detective Office in Exchange Court, Dublin Castle, when a detective officer was killed (Fig. 1). Without including minor explosions, the numbers of important dynamitic efforts from the year 1881 to 1892 are as follows:—In 1881, 9 attempts; 1882, 5; 1883, 10; 1884, 12; 1885, 8; 1886, 4; 1887, 15; 1888, 2; 1889, 3; 1890, 5; 1891, 6; and in 1892, 7 outrages. It is not necessary to say that the initial explosion at Salford, in 1881, greatly alarmed the public. Anything found of a suspicious character was at once associated with dynamite, and the earliest relic treasured at New Scotland Yard is a strange-looking object which was found in a tram-car, and owing to the excited state of the mind of the British public at that time, was immediately put down as an infernal machine. There is, however, some reason to believe that it was nothing more than a model for a new idea in babies' feeding-bottles (Fig. 2). Its inventor never put in a claim for it, but it still remains at "The Yard" for anybody who can justify his or her claim to its possession. By its side is an imitation piece of coal—(Fig. 3)—a most deadly weapon when used, for it is intended to be filled with explosive and thrown in the stoke-hole of vessels, in the hope that the stoker may shovel it into the furnace with some of the other fuel. Another relic of this year is one of four machines which were found on the 2nd July at Liverpool in the *Bavaria* (Fig. 4), six other infernal machines having been found in the *Malta* two days previously. They were discovered in barrels of cement. They contained lignin-dynamite, with a very cheap clock arrangement for firing it. The machines

FIG. 1.—EXPLOSION AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

FIG. 2.—"BABY'S BOTTLE?"

FIG. 3.—EXPLOSIVE COAL.

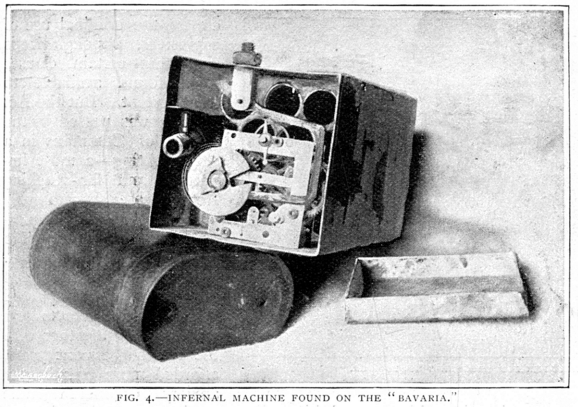


FIG. 4.—INFERNAL MACHINE FOUND ON THE "BAVARIA."

catalogue. A most ingenious contrivance also in this part of the collection is a tin can, made in two compartments (Fig. 7). It was used for conveying contraband gunpowder to Egypt. It is so made that when it is probed by the Customs' officials to see what it contains, the probe used comes out covered with oil.

A few samples of a not particularly choice

proper were in leaden boxes about nine inches long by four inches square. A second machine of the 1881 period is of the clockwork pattern (Fig. 5), and is controlled by a small knife, which falls at the set time, cutting a string, releasing a spring which falls on a percussion cap, and so brings about an explosion.

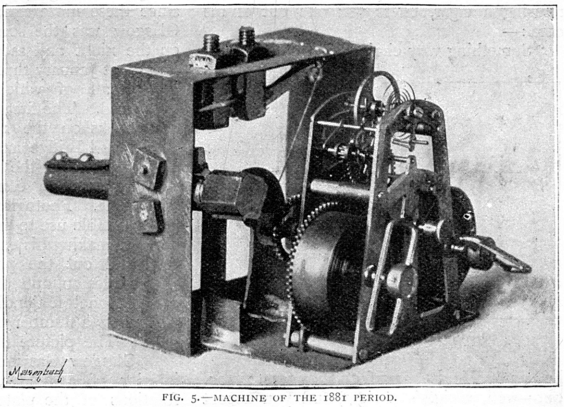


FIG. 5.—MACHINE OF THE 1881 PERIOD.

An 1882 relic is a most interesting one, and its surrounding companions are equally curious. Here is the revolver with which O'Donnell shot Carey (Fig. 6). It is of an American pattern, and marked 147A in the brand of cigars are also shown (Fig. 8). A gentleman who has no great love for you, and who fully appreciates the weakness of human

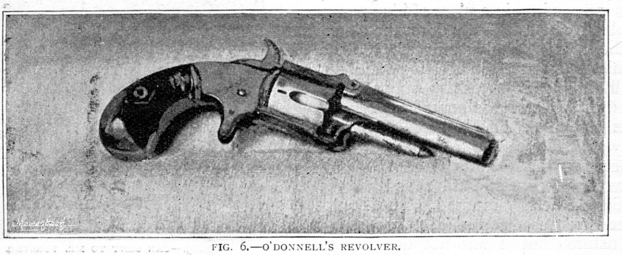


FIG. 6.—O'DONNELL'S REVOLVER.

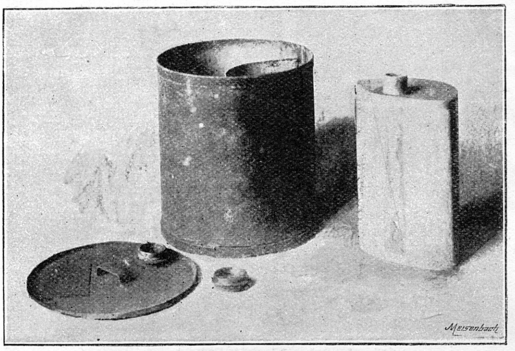


FIG. 7.—CANISTER FOR SMUGGLING GUNPOWDER.

nature of the male persuasion in seldom refusing a cigar, offers you one out of his case :—

"Something very choice, sir, I assure you,"

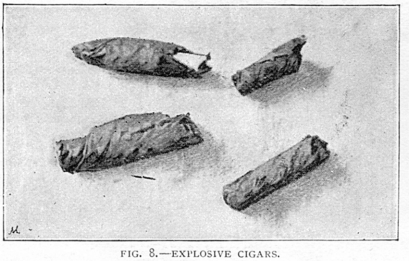


FIG. 8.—EXPLOSIVE CIGARS.

he says. He is a perfect stranger to you, but—well, a cigar's a cigar, and you accept his kind offer. The benevolent cigar proprietor sees you light up, and you puff away in peace. He is suddenly called away. The cigar explodes! It contains an explosive, which is wrapped up in a piece of blue paper, and is placed about half-way down the cigar.

But the most interesting relic of 1882 is a little canister very much resembling a diminutive milk can (Fig. 9). It is supposed to contain dynamite, and has never been opened since its receipt at the House of Commons in that year, addressed to Mr. Forster, then Chief Secretary for Ireland.

It was not, however, until 1883 that the authorities were fully aroused. The Explosives Act of 1875 had controlled all substances of this nature; but it was not designed to control the criminal use of explosives, although it is true that certain clauses were found available to some extent. But the Act of 1883 was passed by the House of Commons in a single sitting—a most important and far-reaching Act, which deals with every possible phase of the question of explosives. No wonder this Act was passed.

Before the New Year of 1883 was many days old a series of attempts was made which, together with the two subsequent years, afforded more trouble and anxiety to Colonel Majendie and his colleagues than any trio of years since these more serious efforts were made. Glasgow was the scene of operations, and on the night and morning of the 20th and 21st January three explosions occurred, in all of which lignin-dynamite was used. The first was at Tradeston Gasworks on the 20th, the remainder at Possil Bridge and at Buchanan Street Station on the 21st. No lives were lost, though considerable damage was done. Photographs are of the greatest possible use to the expert when engaged in making his experiments, in order to find out the probable cause of any explosion, and through the courtesy of Colonel Majendie, we are enabled to show a number of these.

The picture of the explosion at the Glasgow Gasworks was taken in the interior of a holder, and shows the perforations of the plates by projected débris on the side of the holder opposite to

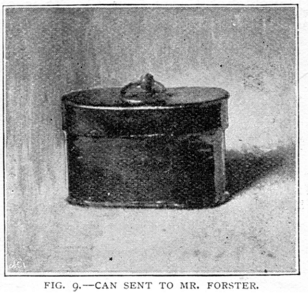


FIG. 9.—CAN SENT TO MR. FORSTER.

that on which the explosion occurred (Fig. 10). It is fortunate that the perpetrators of this deed—ten persons were convicted—possessed but a very crude knowledge of the best method of blowing up a gasworks. They adopted the same method as at the siege of Paris, but not with the effect desired. There is a common belief that it is an easy matter to blow up a gasworks; but the only condition in which a holder is really dangerous is *when it is empty*. If the holder is full of gas there is no air present—and gas must have air mixed with it if it is to assist the explosion. In this case the dynamite was applied, but it only blew great holes in the gasometer, the gas was consumed, and part of Glasgow was for some time in darkness. In the Possil Road Canal Bridge incident—the idea being to let the water out and do no end of damage—a miserable failure was the result. The detonator did not go off!

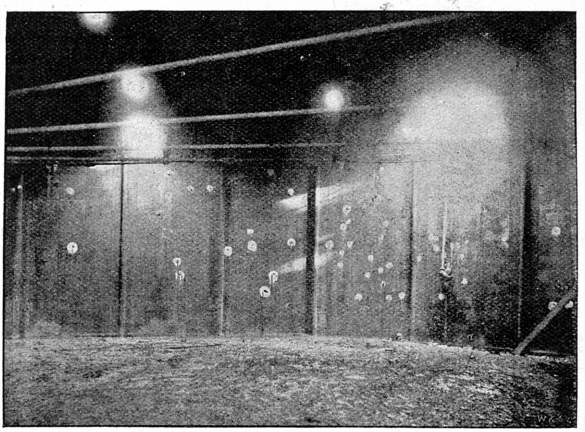


FIG. 10.—THE GLASGOW EXPLOSION—INSIDE THE GASHOLDER.

Colonel Majendie tells a good story in connection with the Glasgow affair. He went to Scotland in a great hurry, only taking one suit of clothes. After spending a considerable time in the gasholder, his clothes—not to put too fine a point upon it—smelt. Indeed, the next morning at breakfast Sir John Hawkshaw comforted him with the assurance that he "smelt like a rat out of a hole!"

When paying his bill in company with the engineer, one of the restaurant assistants turned to a companion and exclaimed:—

"Good gracious, Jessie, there's a dreadful escape of gas!"

"Then here goes for the escape of the engineer," cried that gentleman, rushing out of the place.

The Glasgow occurrences were followed up by two explosions on the 15th March—one outside a window at the *Times* office, and another causing considerable damage at the Local Government Board Office, Whitehall (Fig. 11). The explosion at the *Times* was abortive, and Colonel Majendie found the stuff used, together with a tube. This tube was a silent witness. It was ascertained that it was similar to that used in the Glasgow explosion, and of a similar pattern to those found on the men who were convicted.

Now came a very serious business; in Colonel Majendie's opinion, the most serious he ever had to deal with. It created the greatest possible excitement at the time. This was the discovery at Birmingham, on the 5th April, 1883, of a factory of nitro-glycerine, and of a large amount of the same substance brought thence to London. It is due to the Birmingham police to state here that they kept their heads magnificently, laid their traps with consummate skill, and communicated with the authorities at the Home Office just at the right moment. Some of the nitro-glycerine found its way to London, the Birmingham police actually travelling up to the Metropolis with a man whose luggage consisted of a pair of fishing stockings, containing some 70lb. of this terrible explosive agent! He was arrested, the explosive was lodged at a special magazine near Woolwich, and subsequently made into dynamite and then destroyed.

Whitehead and his accomplices had opened premises as a stationer's shop. Colonel Majendie, in company with Dr. Dupré, found that at the back they were carrying on a

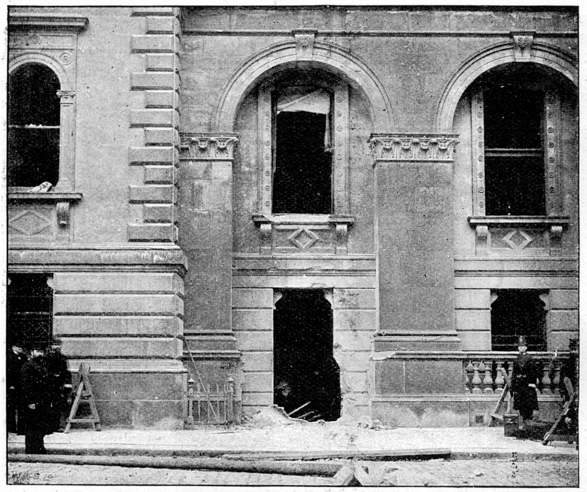


FIG. 11.—EXPLOSION AT LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD OFFICE.

snug little business in the manufacture of the most deadly explosive. In a copper was a quantity of sulphuric acid, with nitro-glycerine floating on the top. The experts carefully skimmed the nitro-glycerine off, when they were faced with a still more serious trouble. In another room they discovered a large number of carboys, one of which contained no less than 170lb. of nitro-glycerine. It was by no means pure, and the question arose, What was to be done? Colonel Majendie and Dr. Dupré were forced to go down to Liverpool that night to give evidence. The nitro-glycerine they dared not remove as it was. If it were left it might possibly explode—while if the discovery were announced it would cause a fearful scare.

It was decided to get a large quantity of ice and pack it round the explosive in order to keep it as cold as possible. So with this terrible load on their minds the experts left for Liverpool, and returned to find that they had done the right thing. They had kept down the temperature sufficiently to ensure the safety of the nitro-glycerine. With the aid of kieselguhr—an infusorial earth of a very porous character and the inert ingredient of dynamite, and considered by Mr. Alfred Nobel the best vehicle to use as an absorbent of nitro-glycerine — the experts caused the nitro-glycerine to be made into dynamite. It was conveyed to an isolated site near Birmingham, spread out on a tract of land, burnt, and so got rid of.

The occupier of the "stationer's" shop and others were subsequently convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

October of 1883 brought about two explosions — both on the Metropolitan Railway. The first of these occurred between Charing Cross and Westminster, fortunately resulting in no personal or serious structural injury. That, however, on the same night at Praed Street resulted in three carriages being practically smashed, whilst sixty-two persons were injured by the broken glass and *débris*. An important discovery was made on the 16th January, 1884, of some slabs of Atlas Powder of American make in Primrose Hill Tunnel, and it is surmised that these were thrown away by a conspirator as being of no use for the moment, seeing that it is probable that everything was cut and dried for the somewhat alarming events which occurred in the following month—a quartette of attempted outrages at four London stations, one of which was tolerably successful. On the 26th February, 1884, an explosion occurred in the cloak-room of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway at Victoria Station (Fig. 12); whilst on the 27th February, 28th February, and 1st March, discoveries of bags containing Atlas Powder, with clockwork and detonators, were made at Charing Cross, Paddington, and Ludgate Hill stations respectively.

In all these cases the clock was used—and that here reproduced is the one found at Paddington—which was left in various cloak-rooms in a portmanteau. The authorities were for the moment at a loss to discover how the explosion occurred, until the police communicated the fact that a portmanteau had been seized at Charing Cross Station.

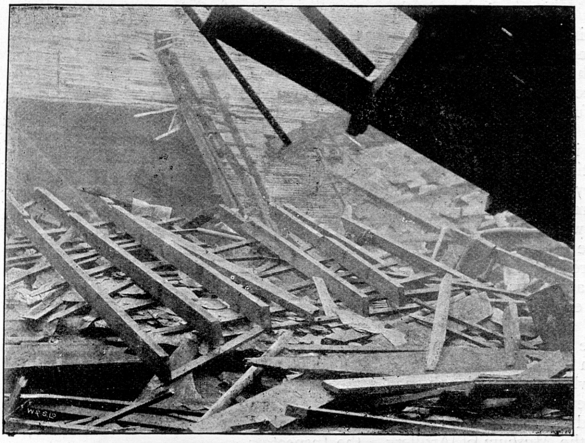


FIG. 12.—EXPLOSION IN CLOAK ROOM AT VICTORIA STATION.

The following extract from the official report will be read with interest, seeing that it also describes how an infernal machine of the clockwork pattern works :—

"The portmanteau, which had been deposited between 7 and 9 p.m. on Monday, the 25th February, was fastened with two straps and was not locked. On being opened it was found to contain some packages or slabs of a peculiar description, and the searcher at once reported the matter to the police, who rightly concluded that the slabs were probably an explosive of the dynamite order. The police caused the portmanteau to be at once conveyed to the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and a telegram was sent requesting our attendance.

"An examination of the portmanteau showed that it contained (in addition to one or two rather worthless articles of clothing) forty-five slabs of the material which had excited suspicion. They consisted each of a paraffined paper packet 6in. by 3in. by ½in. (thick), containing a substance which proved to be a description of lignin-dynamite not used or licensed for use in or importation into this country, but largely manufactured and employed for industrial purposes in America. Each packet had the words 'Atlas Powder A' printed on it, and was open at one end, and weighed rather under half a pound. The packets were carefully packed into one side or compartment of the portmanteau and surrounding what proved to be a box of tinned iron, measuring 6in. by 5in. by 5in., and having the exterior lacquered yellow. The box had a hinged lid, and the junction of the lid and box was roughly luted with a material of the character of cobbler's wax.

"We proceeded to remove the box and to open it with suitable precautions. In the interior was a circular American alarum clock, face uppermost, and with the alarum bell removed. The clock subsequently proved to be one made by the Ansonia Clock Company of New York, and of the pattern designated by them 'Peep of Day.' These clocks can be readily purchased retail in London for 10s., or even less. On taking out the clock and turning it over we found that the metal back had been removed, and that a small nickel-plated vest-pocket pistol (the woodwork of the stock of which had been removed) was fastened by means of copper wire to the movement, and the winding handle of the clock had been turned down and so fixed (also by copper wire) that when the alarum ran down one end of the handle, as it travelled round, would impinge upon the trigger and fire the pistol. This, in fact, had actually been accomplished so far as the impact of the winder and trigger was concerned, the trigger had been pulled, and the hammer of the pistol was resting upon the copper rim-fire cartridge with which the pistol was loaded, and which, on being extracted, proved to have missed fire. The alarum was set to run off at 12 (at which hour the pistol hammer had presumably fallen); the clock itself had stopped at about 4.14.

"Opposite to the muzzle of the pistol, inside the tin box and resting against it, was the greater portion of one of the slabs of 'Atlas Powder,' into which, immediately opposite to the pistol's mouth, were embedded seven powerful detonators, mouths outer-

most, and by way of further insuring the action of the machine a piece of ordinary quick-match had been bent into several of the detonators, which, on examination, proved to contain an exceptionally heavy charge (over 13 grains) of fulminate of mercury and chlorate of potash.

"This slab was intended to act as the primer, and its function would be to produce (through the agency of the detonators) an initial explosion by means of which the mass of dynamite with which the tin box was surrounded would be exploded.

"It may be interesting to note that the use of a clockwork apparatus as a means of effecting a deferred explosion is no novelty. Thus the idea was applied in the infernal machines which were surreptitiously imported into Liverpool from America in 1881, and Thomas's machine, which exploded with such terrible effect at Bremerhaven on December 11, 1875, was fired by a similar agency. There exists also in the Museum of Artillery at the Rotunda, Woolwich, a model of a clockwork apparatus attached to a flint lock for firing a submarine mine or torpedo, which was designed by Sir William Congreve, probably in the early part of the present century. But the particular combination adopted in the present instance is, so far as our knowledge goes, original."

After Colonel Majendie had seen this clock he was enabled to attach a special significance to a piece of metal which he found in the *débris* at Victoria Station, and which proved to be a particle of steel spring. This is an admirable example of the usefulness of the magnet, which is always employed when searching *débris*. It is a curious fact that the Charing Cross clock went off, that the trigger of the pistol was released, but the cartridge had not exploded. On dissecting the cartridge, it was found that the fulminate had been omitted from the particular part of the rim on which the trigger had fallen. At Paddington the hammer had also fallen, but the cartridge did not go off. Upon testing a score of these cartridges nine went off at once, six did not explode until the vital part was touched by the trigger, and five refused to explode at all.

A still more remarkable circumstance associated with the Paddington discovery must be recorded. When the clock was found it was ticking away merrily (Fig. 13). The dynamite had not exploded owing to the fact that the winder had caught against a little knob which failed to release it.

Colonel Ford expressed a desire to take the clock home with him to show it to his wife. On his way, the jolting of the cab was sufficient to partially release the winder, and the hammer of the pistol descended during the night. Of course, the cartridge and dynamite had been previously removed by the Inspectors.

Before referring at length to the next important event in the history of dynamiters for the year 1884, we would remind the reader that we have only dealt in detail with two types of infernal machine: the clock system, which may be set in advance to act some hours later; and the burning fuse, which was employed in some of the earlier explosions alluded to. The infernal machine found at Cork and preserved at New Scotland Yard shows this method of working very clearly (Fig. 14). It is a wooden box about a foot square and separated

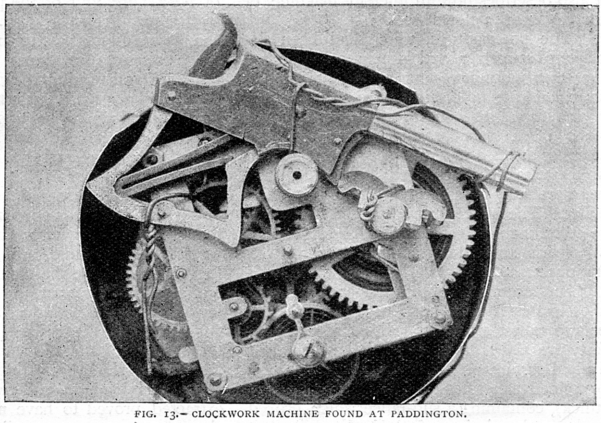


FIG. 13.—CLOCKWORK MACHINE FOUND AT PADDINGTON.

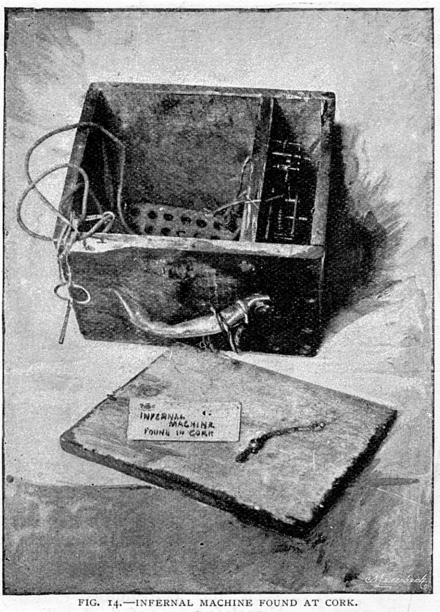


FIG. 14.—INFERNAL MACHINE FOUND AT CORK.

into divisions. One compartment is fitted with clockwork, to which a fuse is attached and which passes through to the other part of the box filled with gunpowder. This box would hold about 8lb. of powder. When the lid is removed the clockwork starts, the fuse is fired, and the gunpowder explodes. A fuse is a series of strands of hemp with a column of gunpowder running through. There are many varieties, and every manufacturer has a special mark on the fuse he makes, so that the authorities can always trace it. We lit a fuse and found that it burnt at the rate of a yard a minute; it can, therefore, easily be adjusted to any time required.

We now, however, come to the most deadly of all weapons used by dynamiters—the bomb, which explodes instantly on falling. These bombs—as the shrapnel shell, used in artillery—can only be designed for one purpose, the destruction of human life: they are essentially man-killing infernal machines. On April 11th, 1884, three metal bombs, containing dynamite, were found in the possession of Daly, at Birkenhead, who was subsequently sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The old-fashioned bomb was of a shape resembling an egg, with nipples like gun nipples and percussion caps. It was weighted at one end to insure its falling on the point intended. The Barcelona bomb was spherical, but similarly fitted with nipples. This is the Orsini type.

But the Daly bomb was a far more delicate piece of mechanism. Inside the bomb was a little bottle containing sulphuric acid with a small piece of lead, so that when the bomb was thrown the weight of the lead caused the bottle to break and the acid came in contact with a composition, which immediately ignited. This ignition fired a detonator, which in turn fired the dynamite. Although the various moves in the interior of the Daly bomb were many, yet we were assured by Colonel Majendie that in some experiments he made, from the moment the bomb struck the ground to its explosion there was no appreciable interval of time. The deadly wrecking powers of this bomb were proved by Colonel Majendie at the trial of Daly. The Colonel took a bomb and exploded it in an iron room, which is used for testing shells at Woolwich. A dozen dummy wooden figures—of the size of living men—were placed round the apartment. The bomb was exploded by electricity, and the twelve figures received no fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight wounds!

The relics of the Daly case, at New Scotland Yard, are amongst the most treasured of such items in the possession of the police. Some of them are reproduced here. There is the bomb (Fig. 15), and a very formidable weapon it appears, though it would easily fit into an overcoat pocket; the written instruc-

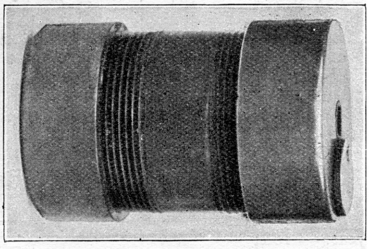


FIG. 15.—THE DALY BOMB.

tions found on Daly are fairly legible (Fig. 16), though in the case of one or two words the sulphuric acid has partially obliterated several of the letters. However, its intention is sufficiently intelligible. Furthermore, there are set out a number of pieces of metal—any of which would

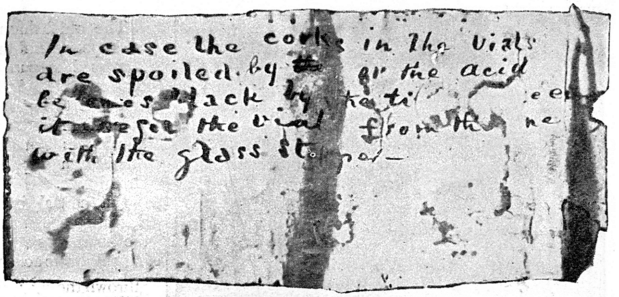


FIG. 16.—DALY'S INSTRUCTIONS.

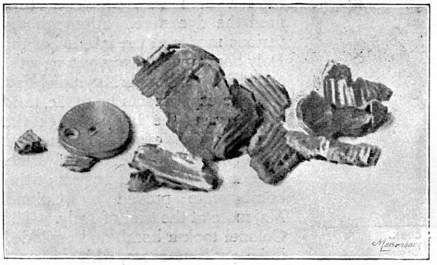


FIG. 17.—PIECES TAKEN OUT OF DUMMY FIGURES.

be capable of killing a man—which were extracted from some of the dummy figures experimented on at Woolwich (Fig. 17).

It should be stated that Daly, at his trial, suggested that these bombs might be used for killing fish.

"Yes," said Colonel Majendie pointing to those found on Daly; "but nobody would care to fish with those."

In this same year — 1884 — no fewer than three explosions occurred on the night of the 30th May, whilst on the same evening a bag was found in Trafalgar Square containing Atlas Powder, with fuse and detonators. The first was at the Junior Carlton Club, St. James's Square, where about fourteen persons were injured. The second—which occurred about fifteen seconds after that at the Junior Carlton—at the residence of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, St. James's Square (Fig. 18), which the perpetrators evidently mistook for a part of the Intelligence Office. It is probable that the

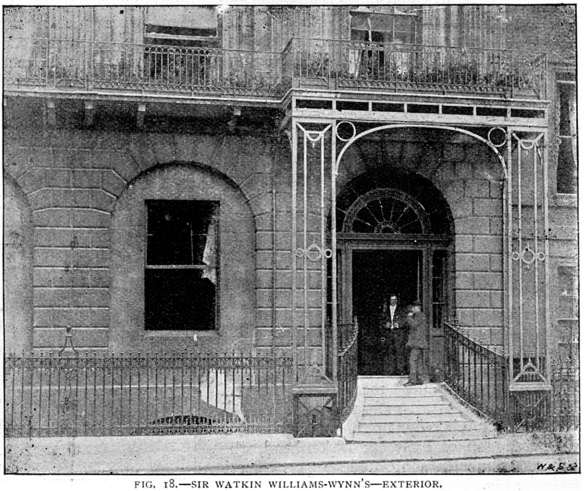


FIG. 18.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S—EXTERIOR.

FIG. 19.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S—MORNING ROOM.

seated directly opposite to the window under which the explosion occurred, but rather in the other part of the room, where they were to some extent sheltered from the effects (Fig. 19). Two servants who were standing on the front door-step were also injured, one of them somewhat severely, making a total, so far as is known, of three persons injured by this explosion."

The third explosion of this eventful night took place at 9.20 p.m., at Old Scotland Yard. The charge was placed outside a room used by some of the detective staff. The explosion brought down a portion of the building, doing considerable damage to some carriages standing there at the time

charge used was thrown over the area railings, but it accidentally lodged in a window recess of the morning-room, where the most serious effects of the explosion were felt, although the windows of the house were much shattered. As the official report states :—

"Although a party were assembled in the morning-room at the time the explosion occurred, they fortunately escaped injury with the exception of one lady, who had her hand slightly cut by some broken glass. This remarkable escape (as it must appear to anyone who had an opportunity of examining the room before the *débris* had been disturbed, or who has seen the photographs of this room) can only be attributed to the fact that the party did not happen to be

FIG. 20.—EXPLOSION AT SCOTLAND YARD.

FIG. 21.—EXPLOSION AT SCOTLAND YARD.

and to neighbouring buildings, and injuring several persons (Figs. 20 and 21).

The last explosion of 1884 was on December 13th, and took the form of a considerable charge of dynamite or other nitro-compound under London Bridge. Very little damage was done, but there is no reasonable doubt that the perpetrators of this deed were themselves killed, and Colonel Majendie found what he believed to be the remains of a human being who was blown up with the boat employed in the transaction. Curiously enough, just previous to this outrage, circumstances led the authorities to believe that some of the bridges which span the Thames required special protection, and Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives was directed to visit them, and advise as to the precautions to be taken. Colonel Majendie found that London Bridge contained certain gully holes which were used for the purpose of draining out water. These gully holes possessed peculiar advantages for the secretion of an infernal machine. Accordingly, upon Colonel Majendie's recommendation, strong iron bars were placed over these holes, so that it was impossible to place the dynamite in the required position. The would-be perpetrators—and there were three of them—bungled so much that, as has already been hinted, little damage was done save to themselves. The facsimile of the bent bars and hooks (Fig. 22), much reduced, will give a good idea of the force of the explosive used on this occasion, and some idea of what the effects upon the bridge would have been if the bars had not been affixed and the charge had acted within the gully hole.

The last of the three bad years was 1885, in which year a brass tube or fuse for firing nitro-glycerine compound was found at Liverpool (Fig. 23): a very ingenious contrivance (here reproduced), in which sulphuric acid is used, the time at which the acid will act being governed by the number of folds

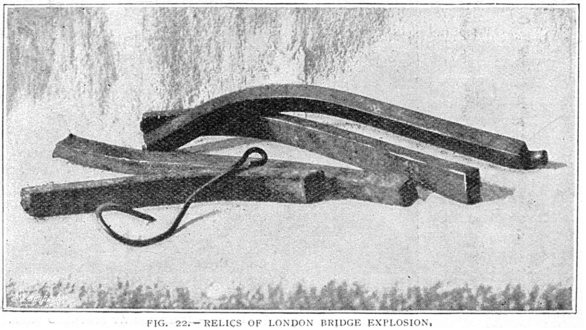


FIG. 22.—RELICS OF LONDON BRIDGE EXPLOSION.

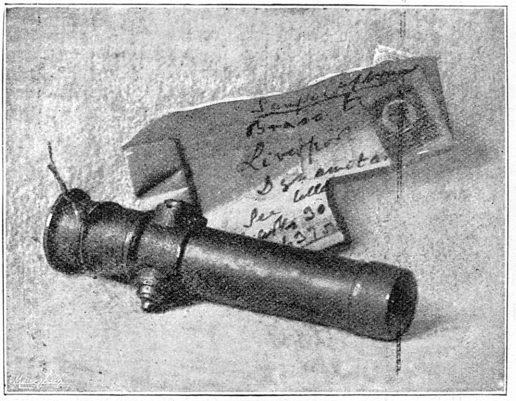


FIG. 23.—BRASS TUBE CONTAINING NITRO-GLYCERINE, FOUND AT LIVERPOOL.

of paper stuffed round the hole allowing the fluid to escape through, and so firing a detonator in conjunction with the explosive proper. Similar tubes had undoubtedly been used at Glasgow, at the Local Government Board Explosion, and at the *Times* office.

Again came a trio of events. On the 24th January, 1885, an explosion occurred at the Tower of London, doing serious damage—scattering the stands of arms and playing great havoc with other implements of warfare. Great was the wreckage in the old Banqueting Hall (Fig. 24). There is every reason for the belief that the man who introduced the explosive did so in an apron fitted with pockets and worn under his great-coat. On the same night a charge of Atlas Powder, similar to that used at the Tower, created no small havoc in Westminster Hall; while the third explosion was the well-remembered event at the House of Commons. Fortunately, the House was not sitting at the time. The Strangers' and Peers' Galleries were severely injured, and to give an idea of the wreckage, the Estimates of the following year provided a sum of £6,125 for repair of damage done to the House of Commons, and £2,500 for Westminster Hall. Two men were convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

We give a reproduction of the Salisbury infernal machine discovered in this year—a machine of exceptionally rough make (Fig. 25). A series of minor events had taken place in Wiltshire and Hampshire, which caused the police some trouble for a couple of years. They were not believed to be of any political significance, but done simply out of pure mischief. Still, this sort of fun does not pay, as the two ringleaders found when they were sentenced at the Salisbury Assizes to twelve and two months' hard labour respectively.

The year 1886 was fairly clear; but 1887 brought about the discovery of a conspiracy between Callan and Harkins to commit an outrage by means of dynamite.

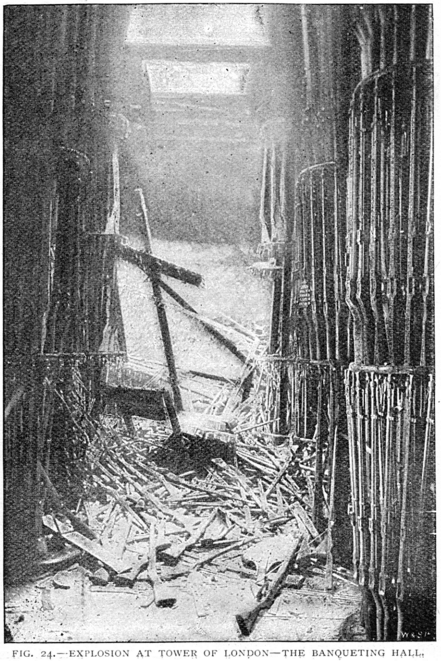


FIG. 24.—EXPLOSION AT TOWER OF LONDON—THE BANQUETING HALL.

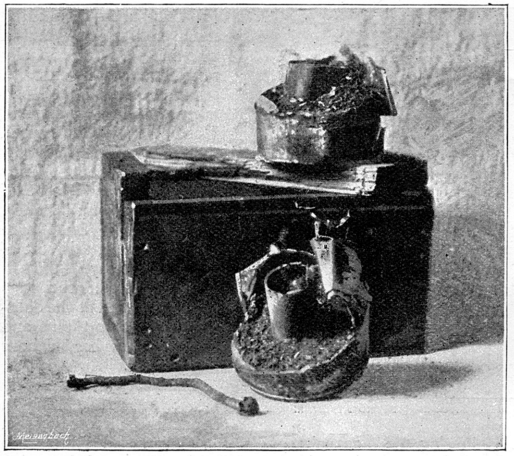


FIG. 25.—THE SALISBURY INFERNAL MACHINE.

The police found at 24, Brixton Road, some 28lb. of explosive in the dust-bin and garden, which had been left as a legacy to Callan. Callan's empty portmanteau—also left him by the same person who bequeathed him the dynamite, a man named Cohen—condemned him, for on a microscopical examination by Dr. Dupré and the Government Inspectors, the tell-tale kieselguhr was found.

There was little of serious moment in 1888. The most important event of this kind in 1889 was on November 18th, when an effort was made to blow up the police and bailiffs engaged in carrying out evictions on Lord Clanricarde's estate in Co. Galway. The charge was intended to be exploded under the ground, and 25lb. of powder was to be used. The mine was to be actuated by opening a door. As the officials entered—the door having a string connecting it with the machine in use—the mine would be exploded. Happily, it failed to go off. The infernal machine used on this occasion was of a type to be found amongst the accompanying illustrations—showing a knife and string, the knife cutting the cord and releasing the trigger of a small pistol, which was designed to fire the necessary detonator.

There is little to note in the two following years until 1892, when March 24th brought about the conviction of persons at Walsall who were in possession of explosives which could only be used for a wrongful purpose. The sample of bombs shown (Fig. 26) was photographed from those which convicted the prisoners, and which are now at New Scotland Yard.

On Christmas Eve, 1892, an infernal machine exploded outside the Detective Office, Exchange Court, Dublin, which resulted in the death of poor Sinnott. As he was proceeding to the office he saw a parcel. It is probable that he examined it—not kicking it, but handling it—for one of his fingers was blown into an upper window. Only a very small charge was used—about a pound—but it did some damage and cost a life.

The last two events of any importance at the time of writing were the explosion at the Four Courts, Dublin, in May, 1893, which Colonel Ford investigated, and considered very similar to that of the previous Christmas Eve; and that at the Aldboro' Barracks, Dublin, towards the end of last November.

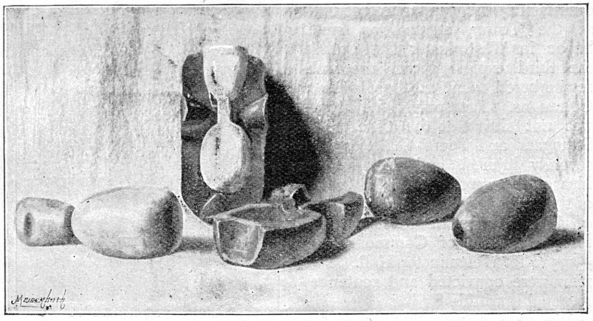


FIG. 26.—THE WALSALL BOMBS.

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.
BY JAMES D. SYMON.

I.

"NOTHING more to-night, thank you, Robert; I shall require nothing more, except to be left alone."

"Very well, sir."

The old servitor withdrew, and Arthur Dalziel threw himself into his lounging chair with a weary look in his eyes. For a long time he gazed into the fire, muttering now and then between his teeth: "If—yet, no, it is impossible, impossible! Yes, Arthur, my boy, you'd have to give it all up, lands, position, prospect of a title—that London life you love so much—and go back to dreary Scotch law. But you're a fool to think of such things, a confounded fool!"

He rose, and going to a side table poured out a glass of wine, which he drained hastily.

The wine seemed to relieve him of his disturbing thoughts. He glanced more cheerfully round his luxurious sanctum—half library, half music-room—and strolled up to the piano, where he stood carelessly fingering the keys.

One or two chance chords evidently awoke some old memories of half-forgotten melody, for he turned to a canterbury and searched among the heterogeneous mass of music it contained. Music is somehow always hard to find, but at length Dalziel drew out a single leaf of faded manuscript, which he set on the stand and, seating himself, began to play.

It was a wonderful melody, so simple, yet so full and thrilling in its harmonies. The player's face grew softer as he touched the keys, and he looked almost youthful again in spite of his worn appearance. It was not age, however, that had grizzled Arthur Dalziel's hair. He was but two-and-thirty, though he looked like forty-five. Again and again he played the melody, and an unwonted moisture gathered in his cold grey eyes. The music seemed to affect him strangely. Pausing for a little, while his fingers rested caressingly on the keys, he sighed: "Poor Jack! Poor Jack! Would that I knew—would that I knew! Still, would it make me any happier to know? And then—perhaps it might mean ruin—it's better as it is."

Once more he played over the fragment, scarcely glancing now at the music, for what we have once known is easily learned again. The wind howled in strange unison with the plaintive air, but was it merely the wind that made the musician start and drop his hands nervelessly on his knees?

"No, no," he exclaimed, "you are an imaginative, nervous fool! That air is known to yourself alone of living men—it is impossible—impossible——"

Some sort of fascination seemed to chain him to the instrument. Mechanically his fingers sought the keys, and the self-same air came trembling from the strings. He seemed scarcely to believe, however, that his former fancy (whatever it was) had been all

imagination, for he struck the opening chords softly, and with the air of one who listens for a response he is but half certain of receiving. Clear above the notes of the piano, above the wild piping of the wintry gale, rose the wail of a violin. Very gently and tenderly Dalziel continued to play, but his face was ashen pale, for the mysterious performer out there in the storm answered him note for note.

"Strange," he muttered, as the strain ended; "but, ghost or no ghost, I'll test him with the unwritten part." He sprang up and turned out the gas. Then flinging open the window, heedless how the gusts of night-wind scattered his papers about the room, he seated himself once more at the instrument, and dashed into a variation on the same theme. Curiosity had taken the place of fear, and his playing was bold and clear.

Again the violin rang out, and in perfect accord the intricate variation was rendered. Dalziel suddenly abandoned the air and dropped into an accompaniment, but the player held on undismayed to the end. It was a weird but exquisite performance.

"Marvellous! Correct to the minutest particular!" Dalziel cried. "I shall fathom this, come what may."

He went to the window and peered into the square, where the gas lamps shivered in the blast and threw an uncertain glimmer, that was not light, on the deserted pavement.

No living soul was to be seen, but a voice came out of the darkness: a child's pleading voice:—

"Please, sir, don't be angry; but *do*, please, play that accompaniment again. From the beginning this time, please; I'd like to remember it all. Just once, please, sir, and then I'll go away."

"Who are you?"

"Giovanni."

"Some clever Italian brat. Heard me once or twice, I suppose, and picked up the air," Dalziel thought; "but then, that variation! I must sift this, as I said, whatever is the upshot."

"Would you like to come in, Giovanni?" he said presently, as he began to make out the dim outline of a form huddling against the railings; "you must be cold out there."

"Come in *there*, to the firelight and the piano? Oh, it would be like Heaven!"

"I don't know about that," Dalziel muttered, adding, however, in cheery tones, "Yes, Giovanni, come in here—go up the steps and I'll open the door for you. He's got a pretty dash of an Italian accent, this mysterious little Giovanni," he continued, as he stepped into the hall, "I'd like to see him, at any rate."

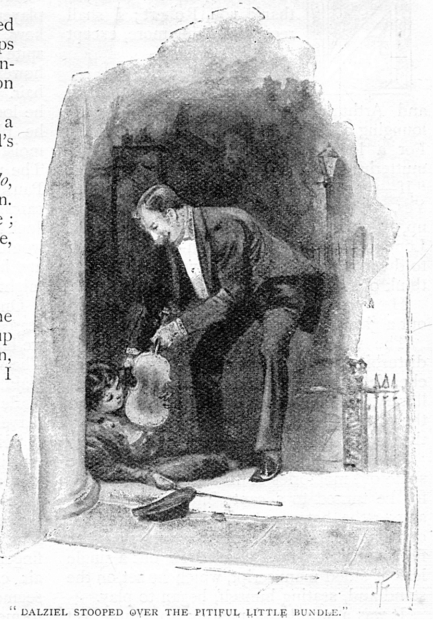
He opened the hall door and the warm light streamed out upon the steps, out upon a pallid little face and a heap of shabby clothes lying there motionless. Dalziel stooped over the pitiful little bundle, and gently disengaged a violin from the nerveless hands. Swiftly laying the instrument on the hall table, he returned and bore the child to the sofa in the study. He re-lighted the gas and rang the bell.

Robert appeared. Accustomed as he was to "master's fads," he seemed to receive a severe shock at the sight which presented itself; but none of Arthur Dalziel's servants, even the oldest and trustiest, dared ask any questions, so Robert awaited orders in silence.

"Send Mrs. Johnson here, Robert."

The ancient butler obeyed.

"Mrs. Johnson, here's a little street-



"DALZIEL STOOPED OVER THE PITIFUL LITTLE BUNDLE."

musician that's been taken ill just outside. Help me to restore him."

"Bless him, he's a bonny little man," was all the worthy housekeeper dared to say. "We'll soon bring him to, sir. Some brandy, sir, so. Now you're better, aren't you, you poor little dear? You're nigh frozen; and hungry, too, I believe. You're hungry, aren't you, now?" she cried, as the child's eyes quivered wonderingly open.

"*So* hungry!"

"Well, you'll have some supper soon," interposed Dalziel. "Get him something hot, Mrs. Johnson. You just lie still, young man, till it comes, and don't talk. I'll play to you till your supper's ready, if you promise to hold your tongue."

He resumed his place at the instrument and played anything and everything that occurred to him, while Giovanni lay back on the sofa in quiet enjoyment of the music. His eyes grew very large and bright as the player proceeded, and once or twice his lips moved as though he would say something, but remembering the injunction to keep silent, he invariably checked himself.

So the two new friends passed the time until the supper appeared. The child ate eagerly, but with evident self-restraint, and Dalziel noted with the instinctive satisfaction of a gentleman that Giovanni was not at all ill-bred.

When the supper had at length disappeared Giovanni said: "May I speak now?"

"Certainly."

"Please, where is my violin?"

"All safe and sound, my man; I'll fetch it for you."

Dalziel stepped out and returned with the instrument. The child clasped it eagerly, ran his thumb lightly over the strings, and glancing up at Dalziel, said, mechanically, "'A,' please."

His companion, thoroughly determined to humour and observe the strange child, struck the required note. In a second or two Giovanni had brought his instrument to perfect tune. Then he looked up and hesitated.

"Well, my man, what is it?" queried Dalziel.

"That tune again—do, please, play it, sir: the one I heard out in the square before I grew so dizzy."

Dalziel at first seemed reluctant to comply, but the child's pleading eyes overcame him, so he turned round to the piano and struck the opening chords.

Giovanni crept over to his side and began to play, hesitatingly at first, but gradually gaining strength as the spell of the music possessed him. Dalziel looked from time to time at the boy's pathetic face with a questioning, almost frightened glance, but played steadily to the end.

"Thank you so much, sir," said Giovanni, when they had finished.

"You are a wonderful player, child. Who taught you?"

"Mother," he replied; then he burst into tears, crying, "Oh! I must go—I must go; poor mother will be wearied to death for me. I am selfish to stay, but I was so happy with the lovely music that I'd forgotten her. I must go; poor mother is so ill."

He moved towards the door.

"Come back, Giovanni; you can't go out in the rain. Tell me where mother lives and I'll go to see her at once, and let her know you're safe."

With difficulty he persuaded the child to stay indoors, and taking the address Giovanni gave him he left the house, first directing Mrs. Johnson to put his *protégé* to bed.

Ere he had gone half way on his mission the worn-out little brain had for a season forgotten its troubles in sleep.

II.

ARTHUR DALZIEL took his way to 5, Sparrow Alley, the address Giovanni had given him, and after sundry ineffectual attempts, succeeded in discovering it. The house was a wretched, tumble-down tenement in a shabby quarter, one of those quarters that seem never far removed from fashionable neighbourhoods, as if set there by Providence to keep the children of fortune ever in mind of the seamy side of life.

The visitor was admitted by a dirty old woman, half idiotic with sleep and gin combined, who conducted him to the room where "the furrin laidy" lived, mumbling the while maudlin compliments to Dalziel with unmistakable intent.

In a miserable den, upon a still more miserable bed, Arthur Dalziel found the wreck of a lovely woman. He was a novice at visitation of the sick, but a glance showed him that the end could not be far away. The patient was speechless, but as he approached her, her eyes dwelt on him with a yearning, pleading look which his rapid intuitions interpreted rightly.

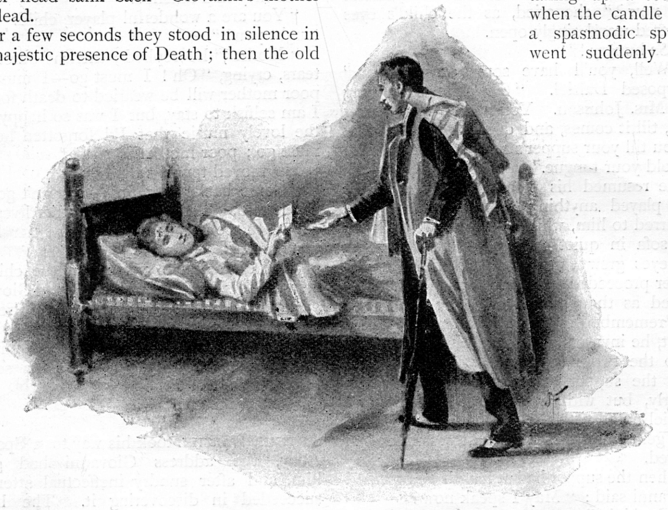
"Your little boy, your Giovanni, is safe," he said, "and will be well cared for always."

The worn but still lovely face lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction as her mute lips

strove to thank him. Feebly she drew a sealed packet from beneath the pillow and gave it into Dalziel's hand. After another effort she contrived to whisper, "This will tell all. You are good, kind; so like *him*, too. My love to Giovannino—oh, so dark, so cold——"

Her head sank back—Giovanni's mother was dead.

For a few seconds they stood in silence in the majestic presence of Death; then the old woman broke into tipsy lamentations while her eyes wandered greedily over the room.



"SHE GAVE IT INTO DALZIEL'S HAND."

"Hold your peace, woman," Dalziel cried, irritably, for the contrast between the sweet, pure image of the dead and the vileness of his companion jarred harshly on his delicate sensibilities. "Here," he continued, thrusting a coin into her dirt-grimed palm, "fetch the key of this room, quick!"

"It's in the door, sir," muttered the other, sulkily, as she clutched the money.

"Leave me, then," said Dalziel; "I'll see to everything."

The old woman grumblingly retired.

The room was lighted by a single guttering candle, now almost burned to its socket. There was light enough to show the visitor that beyond a small leather travelling-box the place seemed to contain nothing belonging to its late occupant. The box was unlocked, so he opened it and drew out a dressing-case, which he looked at narrowly with a sort of trembling curiosity. He attempted to open it, but it resisted his efforts. Then he bethought him of the sealed packet, which he opened and examined. It contained several papers, which he glanced at hurriedly. As he read, his face grew ashen pale and his hands shook violently. He perused one paper and was taking up a second, when the candle with a spasmodic sputter went suddenly out. Through the dingy window, for a single moment, one clear star shone between a rift in the driving storm-clouds. By its faint light he groped for the door, and was quitting the apartment when he suddenly bethought himself and returned to the table for the papers and the dressing-case. He then left the room, the door of which he locked, and pocketing the key he sought the congenial companionship of the tempestuous night.

One afternoon Dalziel and Giovanni stood by a humble grave. The child scarcely realized his loss, and clung to his new protector's hand with passionate intensity. When all was over, as they turned slowly away, Giovanni said:—

"Shall I really always stay with you?"

"Yes, always."

"And learn to be a great musician?"

"Certainly, if you work very hard."

"I *shall* work very hard, then, to please

you and——" he paused and sobbed violently.

"And whom, Giovanni?"

"And mother. She will know, will she not?"

But Dalziel gave no answer.

The same night Dalziel had another fit of musing. It followed a lengthened perusal of the papers he had brought away with him from the chamber of death. One paper, however, was missing. He had left it behind the night before and could obtain no trace of it. The landlord denied having entered the room overnight with a pass-key, but Dalziel did not believe him, though strangely enough he instituted no inquiry regarding the missing document.

"It is as well," he said to himself; "it is as well it should go. Nothing can come of it, and when the boy is of age justice shall be done. Till then, things are best as they are." Then he took up the faded scrap of music and locked it into the secret drawer of his writing-desk, again muttering: "Nothing can come of it. It's quite meaningless to an outsider; no, nothing *can* come of it. Arthur Dalziel, your position is secure; besides, you're his proper guardian in any case—his legal guardian."

"SO FORTUNATE, YOU KNOW."

III.

LORD ALISON was dying. Society knew it, and was languidly interested in the fact. One fact, however, afforded it far greater interest and satisfaction. That fact was the succession to the title. Everyone said the heir was a lucky fellow; and if everyone was poorer than the heir would be, he uttered the words enviously. If, however, he had greater possessions, he affected to be condescendingly glad at the luck of the lucky fellow in question.

"So fortunate, you know, my dear," said the afternoon tea consumers; "Arthur Dalziel may propose at last with good hope of success. Lady Hester could never refuse; besides, her father would never permit her to."

So they settled it in Society.

But Society, though generally infallible in its deliverances on such nice points, had a few rude shocks in store for it in this instance.

Lady Hester Trenoweth did not love Arthur Dalziel, but she loved Arthur Dalziel's ward, a young violinist who had begun to create quite a *furore* in the fashionable world. In fact, Giovanni had become the rage, and though some said it was preposterous that a young man in his position should adopt music as a profession, they were nasty, old-fashioned creatures who knew nothing of the nobility of a life lived for the sake of art. That is quite a modern notion, by the way, so these ancient gossips must be pardoned. They did not know of Lady Hester's appalling preference, or their venom would have been seventy times more virulent. They did not know of Lady Hester's preference, and consequently they permitted themselves to talk freely in Giovanni's hearing of the projected match between her and his guardian, dwelling on Dalziel's well-known attachment and the barrier that his lack of a title had placed upon the union.

Giovanni heard, turned slightly pale, and tuned his instrument for the next number on the programme. A string broke with a harsh snap. He had overstrained it. "Never mind," he said, "*it* can be easily replaced." No one observed the emphasis on the *it*. Perhaps excitement caused the accentuation of the monosyllable.

In another part of the room Arthur Dalziel, slightly older-looking, but handsomer, stood talking with Lord Trenoweth.

"The boy plays marvellously," said the old peer; "he's a credit to you, Dalziel."

"He'll make his bread by it, easily, if need be," returned Dalziel.

"You have not decided, then, whether he's to come right out as a professional or not?"

"Not quite; but it's more than likely he will."

"Most providential he has the gift. He'd have been a sad burden to you otherwise. You picked him up most romantically, I remember——"

"Telegram for Mr. Dalziel," said a waiter.

Arthur glanced at it hastily and handed it to Lord Trenoweth.

The old lord read it carefully. Then he shook hands warmly with his companion, saying, in an undertone: "She's yours, my lord; she's yours."

Thereupon Dalziel quietly withdrew, and Society heard from Lord Trenoweth that Lord Alison was dead. Society smiled and awaited further developments, feeling quite certain what these would be, and, for once in a way, grievously miscalculating.

Giovanni would be twenty-one the next day, the day on which Dalziel had determined that justice should be done; but that night Giovanni and he each attended a funeral. Neither funeral was Lord Alison's. Dalziel interred, dry-eyed, an old, good resolution; Giovanni buried, with one or two bitter tears, his young heart's first love.

"I owe him everything I have," said the young man; "it is little that I should sacrifice something for his sake. Doubtless she cares nothing for me, the humble artist. I shall try to be happy in my benefactor's happiness."

"He can easily win fortune and a name with his music," Dalziel told himself; "he has nothing to lose, and he owes me his training. Besides, I cannot give her up. She *must* accept me. No woman in her senses could do otherwise. Justice—faugh! it's all on my side."

Such were the dirges at the two funerals.

Courtesy to Lord Alison's memory demanded the postponement for a time of the celebration of Giovanni's coming of age, so that birthday of his was a somewhat dull one. He said he would go out of town for a little. Dalziel consented, and his ward left early in the morning.

Among the letters at breakfast-time Dalziel observed one for Giovanni—a dirty, greasy, plebeian-looking thing. He turned it over curiously and then, scarcely knowing what he did, opened and read it. It contained an offer to restore to Giovanni, for a consideration, a document that would disclose the mystery of his origin. Dalziel did not hesitate what course to take. He arranged an interview with the unknown correspondent, and in a few hours was put in possession of the lost paper.

Giovanni's chances of justice were small enough now. Blind to Lady Hester's indifference, Dalziel persisted in his wooing, and Lord Trenoweth was only too proud to countenance a match with the new Lord Alison. At last the girl yielded to her father's commands and her admirer's entreaties. She fancied it was the common lot of women to be sacrificed so; then, too, Giovanni had spoken no word of hope to her. She would submit and do her duty. Society smiled very sagely over the engagement, and said: "I told you so; she is too sensible a girl to resist long."

The time of mourning was over. Lord Alison was to give a very select musical evening. It still wanted some weeks to the wedding. Giovanni, Lord Alison's nephew ("though he's not his nephew, really," said the knowing world), was to play twice. His second piece on the programme was left without a name. "He will improvise, most likely," said the writers of Society gossip, and they whetted their pencils for praise.

That blank number was intended as a surprise for Alison. Since the night when Giovanni was found on the doorstep, he had never seen the scrap of old MS. music from which his protector had played the air that brought them together. Dalziel declared he had lost it, and though seemingly shy of mentioning the fragment, would sometimes regret that he could not properly recollect it.

Giovanni recollected it perfectly, however, and had been familiar with it since ever he could remember, though how or where he had learned it he could not say. Latterly he had a dim suspicion that Dalziel must have composed it, and was consequently shy of speaking about it. His memory was marvellous, and he had written in full the piano part that his benefactor had played to him so long ago. Lady Hester was to be his accompanist, so he took her into his confidence, fancying, poor boy, that she would be delighted at the surprise in store for her betrothed. She gave him a look that he could not understand, and murmured

something about the subtle spell of old melodies. Giovanni, for answer, took up his instrument and the practising proceeded. Loyalty to his friend made him purse his lips very tight that afternoon. It was their last meeting before the concert—before the wedding, in fact. They had been boy and girl friends, and such ties always get a wrench when marriage comes to one or other and leaves one stranded. It is a wrench where there has been nothing but friendship; where love is, it is a very rending of the heart-strings. Giovanni at length rose to go.

"Good-bye, Hester; it's the last time I may call you so."

"Good-bye, Giovanni."

"GOOD-BYE, HESTER."

They would meet again in the crowded saloons of Lord Alison's mansion, but this was to be their true farewell. Something in her tones, in her look, thrilled the young man. He gazed into her eyes and read her heart.

"Hester!"

"Giovanni!"

"But I must not," she said, at length; "I have promised to marry Lord Alison."

"And, Hester, it's a strange request; but you must promise me to marry no one but Lord Alison!"

"I know what you mean, Giovanni; I fear it must be so, now that my word is pledged. Oh, if we had only discovered sooner!"

"We meet again at the concert. Good-bye, Hester!"

"Good-bye, Giovannino, good-bye!"

IV.

THE nameless piece was a brilliant success. The critics said the pathos was wonderful. Both performers seemed to have but one soul between them, as in truth they really had. Lord Alison sat like one petrified as the music ebbed and flowed, but only Giovanni noted that he did not join in the applause that followed. It cut him to the quick, this negligence; and when the guests clamoured for an encore he selected a different piece, greatly to their disgust.

After all the company had gone and that curious dreariness that invariably invades the scene of a recent merry-making spread through the rooms, Lord Alison, pale to the very lips, called Giovanni into the study.

"Take a cigar, boy, and settle yourself to hear a story," he said, as he closed the door.

Giovanni obeyed, and sank into the corner of the very sofa he had occupied the first time he entered the house.

After a pause the elder man told a strange tale that was also a confession. He told how his brother Jack, his big brother Jack, the poet and musician, had vanished in Italy long years before. Rumour said he had married a singer whose beauty had captivated him, and that he feared to return lest his uncle, Lord Alison, should disinherit him. As time went on, Arthur was recognised as the next-of-kin, and on succeeding to his father's property had quitted Scotch law and come to London, where he soon found the gay life of an heir-presumptive to a great title indispensable to his happiness. Now and then the dread of his brother's return painted black spots on his sun, but he strove to erase them, and generally succeeded.

Then came the strange evening when he

played his brother's composition, a relic of college days, and was answered from outside by an unseen player. From the first he had no doubt who the child was; and the packet given him by the dying woman confirmed his suspicion, as well as the worn little dressing-case which he remembered perfectly. He resolved to reveal all when Giovanni should come of age, but the fair face of Hester Trenoweth came between them. Then, when the dread of the missing document was removed, he persuaded himself to sacrifice conscience to passion. His resolution was increased ten-fold by the knowledge that Lady Hester loved Giovanni. Arthur's keen eye had detected her secret. He almost hated them both when the truth became plain to him. "Boy," he exclaimed, at length, "I've foully wronged you; but Jack's dead voice spoke again to-night in his melody. It led you to me, it made me resolve to shelter you (perchance it helped to rob me of her); but to-night it preached repentance. Take Hester and be happy. I can claim a younger brother's portion, and I have my profession to return to, though a selfish life has blunted that weapon I fear. Boy, say you don't hate me!"

Giovanni's warm Italian blood drove him to a demonstration impossible to an Englishman.

"Uncle Arthur, *I* hate you? Never! Oh, I've robbed you sorely, I fear! It's a poor return for what you've done for me. Though you've erred, you've more than atoned for your error, which has done me no great harm, and you shall *never* leave me, *never*." The men embraced silently, and Arthur Dalziel's face wore a new strange softness, like that it wore on the night he found Giovanni.

Old Lord Trenoweth had hard work to relish the explanations Dalziel favoured him with next day. When, however, Dalziel mentioned the true state of things between Hester and Giovanni, and insisted on his consenting to their wedding, he seemed infinitely relieved. He summoned Hester and gently told her that, as he had heard of her love for Giovanni, he would no longer insist on her engagement to Alison.

"But," she quivered out, "I've pledged my word to marry Lord Alison."

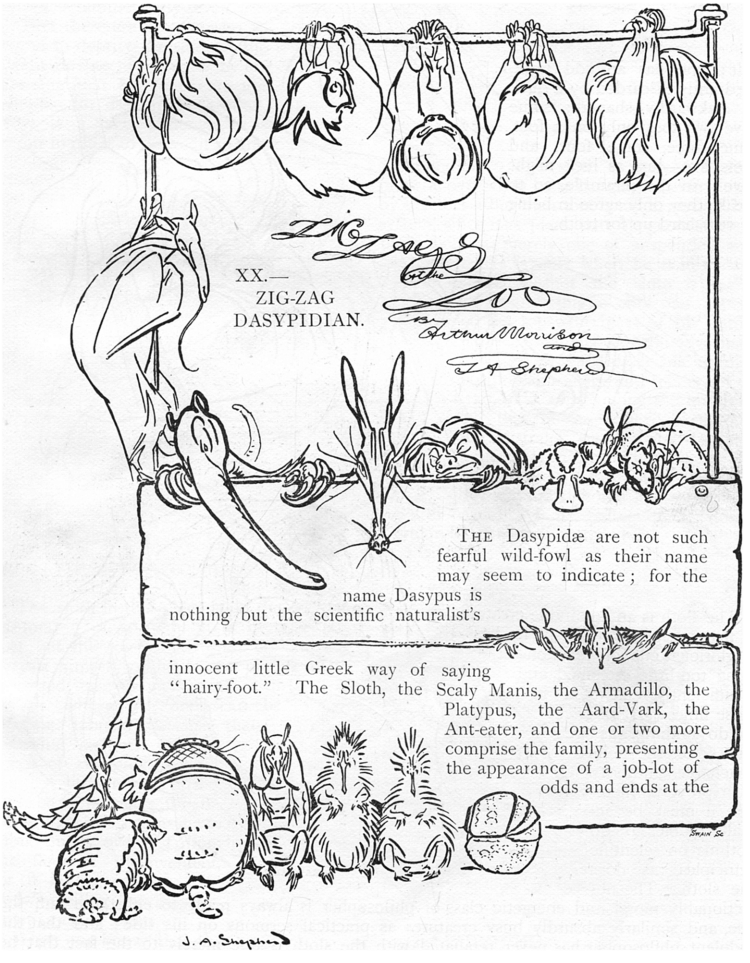
"And so you shall," said her father. "Giovanni is Lord Alison. There has been a great discovery."

But Hester never knew how long ago that discovery had taken place. Neither did Society, who, after the first shock, smiled benignant acquiescence, and said, "To think of its being all through that little theme with variations that Giovanni wrote from memory! Delightfully romantic!"

"I HATE YOU? NEVER!"

"Oh! Uncle Arthur, you're too, too kind to us," Hester said later in the day.

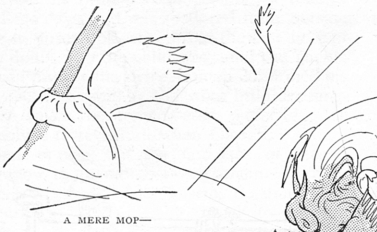
But Dalziel was silent.



XX.—
ZIG-ZAG
DASYPIDIAN.

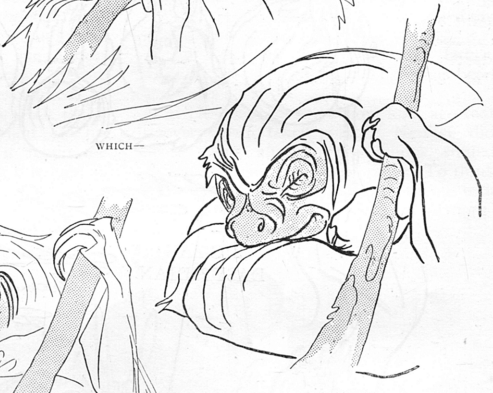
THE Dasypidæ are not such fearful wild-fowl as their name may seem to indicate; for the name Dasypus is nothing but the scientific naturalist's innocent little Greek way of saying "hairy-foot." The Sloth, the Scaly Manis, the Armadillo, the Platypus, the Aard-Vark, the Ant-eater, and one or two more comprise the family, presenting the appearance of a job-lot of odds and ends at the

J. A. Shepherd



A MERE MOP—

tail of an auctioneer's catalogue. Not only is the family of a job-lot nature, but each individual seems a sort of haphazard assemblage of odd parts made up together to save wasting the pieces; for some have tremendous tails, and some have almost none; some have armour and some have hair; one has an odd beak, apparently discarded by a duck as awkwardly shaped; some have two toes only on a foot, some three, some four, and some five—just as luck might have it in the scramble, so to speak; they only agree in being all very hard up for teeth.



WHICH—

ITSELF—

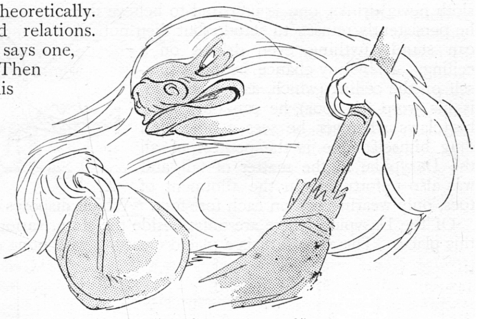
REVEALS—

GRADUALLY.

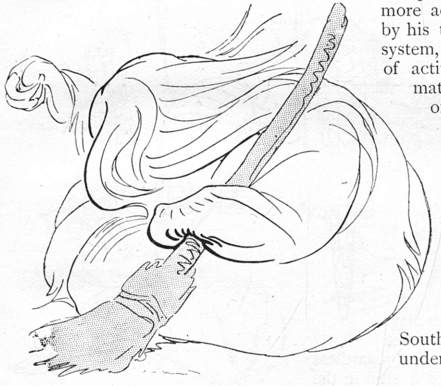
The sloth is an admirable creature in many respects. Chiefly, he has a glorious gift of inaction—a thing too little esteemed and insufficiently cultivated in these times. If it is sweet to do nothing, as we have it on the unimpeachable authority of a proverb, therefore it must be actually noble to do nothing on scientific principles, as does the sloth. The objectionably moral and energetic class of philosopher is always ready to enlist the ant, the bee, and similarly absurdly busy creatures as practical sermons on his side; and that the indolent philosopher has never retaliated with the sloth is due merely to the fact that he

is indolent, practically as well as theoretically. Yet the sloth has well-esteemed relations. Consider other proverbs. "Sloth," says one, "is the mother of necessity." Then another. "Necessity," says this second, "is the mother of invention." Whence it plainly follows that sloth is invention's grandmother—although nobody would think it to look at the sloth here, in house number forty-seven.

Now there are persons who attempt to deprive the sloth of the credit due to his laziness by explaining that his limbs are not adapted for use on the ground. This is a fact, although it is mean to use it to discredit so fine a reputation. The sloth is indeed a deal more active when he is hanging upside down by his toes—but then that is all a part of his system, since it is plain that his greatest state of activity is merely one of suspended animation. It is only when he is in a state of suspense that the sloth is really happy, and this is only one aspect of the topsy-turviness of his entire nature. Hanging horizontally, head and tail downward, is his normal position in society, and this is apt to lead to a belief among the unthinking that he must have lived long in Australia and there become thoroughly used to holding on to the world in his usual attitude; but his actual home is Central and South America — not altogether "down under," but merely on the slope.



"WOT? NOT A COPPER?"



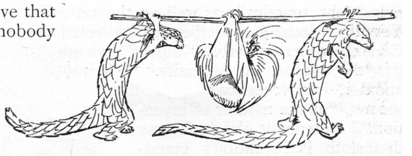
"GURN! I'LL—"

The sloth in this place is, in the eyes of most visitors, a mere mop in a heap of straw. Let but the keeper stir him up and he reveals himself gradually, the picture of a ragged, rascally mendicant—a dirty ruffian whose vocation can be nothing more laborious than extorting coppers on pretence of sweeping a crossing. A little more stirring, and he will reach for his perch and invert himself, to think things over. To him the floor is inconvenient, for it is his ceiling; anybody's ceiling is inconvenient to crawl about on.

When one knows that the

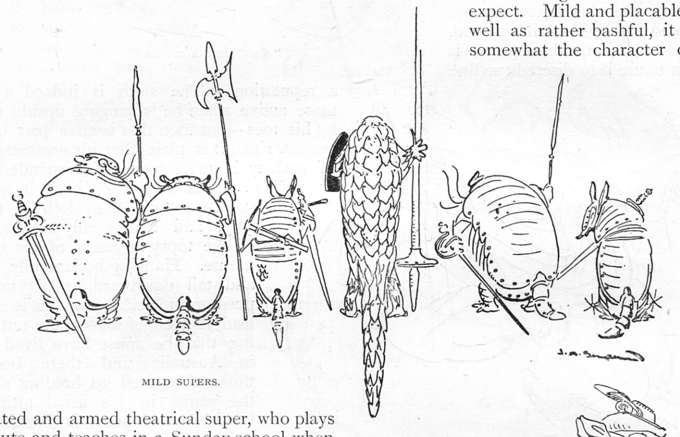
A DIRTY RUFFIAN.

sloth never drinks, one is prepared to believe that he persistently refuses to stand; but then nobody can stand anything, even drinks, on a ceiling. If by any chance he finds himself on the ceiling (which, as I have said, is his word for floor), he can only hook his claws wherever he sees a hole, and drag himself. He is the poorest of all the Dasypidæ in the matter of tail, and was also unfortunate in the allotment of toes, only wearing two on each fore-foot. Which disposes of the sloth.



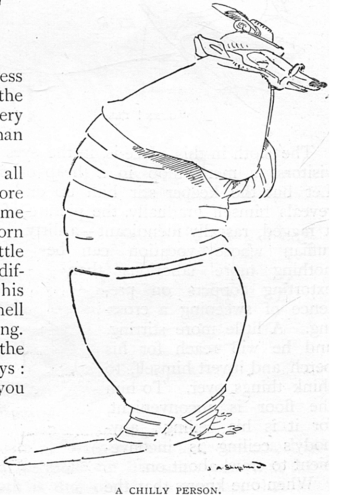
DISPOSED OF.

Of the Dasypidæ there are only, beside the sloth, various armadillos and an ant-eater in this place. The armadillo is a placid creature, with none of the warlike disposition that its armour might lead some to expect. Mild and placable, as well as rather bashful, it has somewhat the character of a beplated and armed theatrical super, who plays the flute and teaches in a Sunday-school when off duty. It is susceptible to cold, too, and regardless of any heroism of appearance in face of a chill in the air. Withal the armadillo is indifferent alike to flattery and abuse: you can no more hurt his feelings than his back.

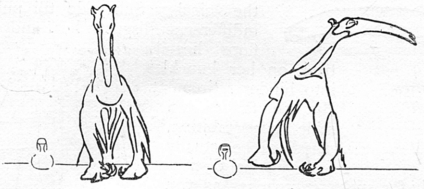


MILD SUPERS.

There are several sorts of armadillo here, but all are equally indifferent to criticism. Nothing is more impervious to criticism (or anything else, if you come to that) than an armadillo. He should have been born a minor poet. An oyster appears to care very little for what is said of him, but a good deal of his indifference is assumed; you often catch him opening his shell to listen. The armadillo won't open his shell for anything—figuratively as well as literally speaking. If a raging mad jaguar prances up to an armadillo, the armadillo curls up quietly with an expression that says: "Really, you excite yourself overmuch; I suppose you want to gnaw me. If you expect to *eat* me, after your length of experience, you must be—well, rather a fool, if I may say so. I shall go to sleep," which he does, while the jaguar ruins his teeth. Naturalists have marvelled at the fact that



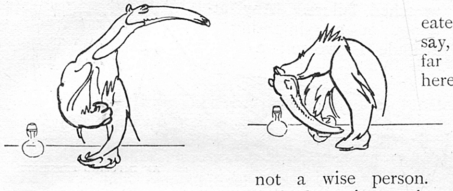
A CHILLY PERSON.



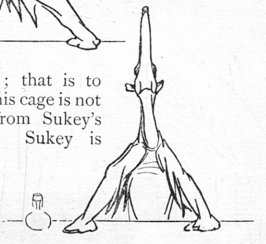
native Paraguayans find whether an armadillo is at home by poking a stick into his burrow, when (if he is) out comes a swarm of mosquitoes. "What," they ask, wonderingly, "can mosquitoes want with an armadillo, when other things not quite so hopeless are near at hand for biting?"

But it is probably a mosquito championship meeting.

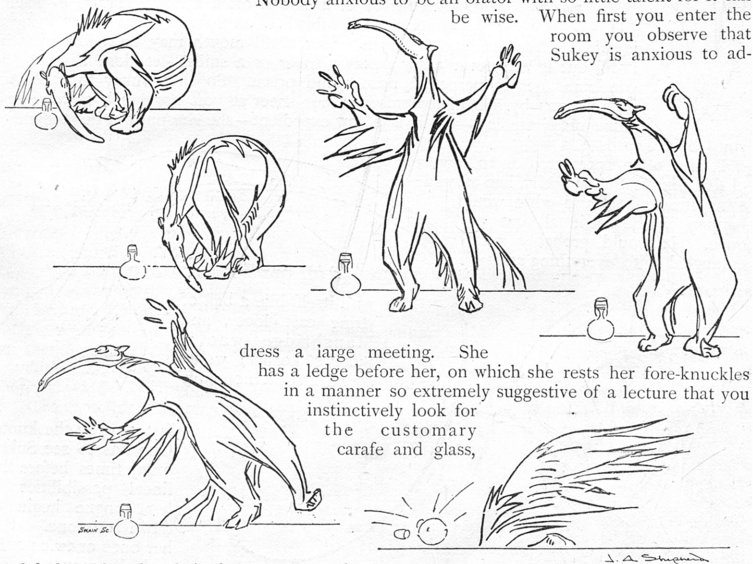
The sloth, sluggard as he is, has not gone to the ant, but to the ant-



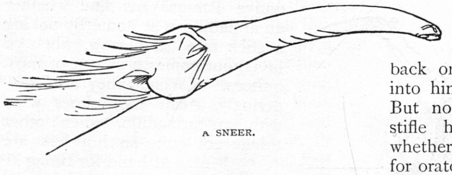
eater; that is to say, his cage is not far from Sukey's here. Sukey is not a wise person.



Nobody anxious to be an orator with so little talent for it can be wise. When first you enter the room you observe that Sukey is anxious to address a large meeting. She has a ledge before her, on which she rests her fore-knuckles in a manner so extremely suggestive of a lecture that you instinctively look for the customary carafe and glass,



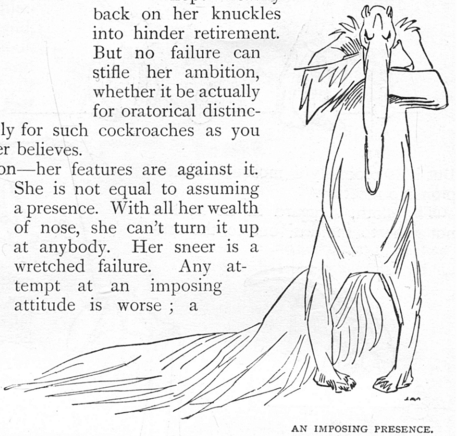
and feel perplexed at their absence. Regardless of this disadvantage, Sukey will turn this way and that, and thump alternately with one fist and the other, and even, in the excitement of her eloquence, bounce bodily upon the ledge before her, as one has heard of a gymnastic American divine doing in his pulpit. This will



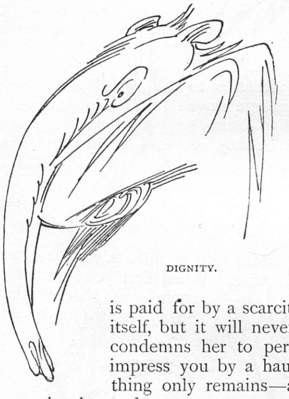
A SNEER.

the voiceless Sukey do till public indifference disgusts her, and she flops heavily back on her knuckles into hinder retirement. But no failure can stifle her ambition, whether it be actually for oratorical distinction, as appearances indicate, or only for such cockroaches as you may choose to offer her, as the keeper believes.

Sukey is not an impressive person—her features are against it. She is not equal to assuming a presence. With all her wealth of nose, she can't turn it up at anybody. Her sneer is a wretched failure. Any attempt at an imposing attitude is worse; a large nose of a sort is often a noble feature of itself; but a nose like this! . . . . Sukey's extravagance in nose is paid for by a scarcity of mouth. Her small mouth may be a loveliness in itself, but it will never allow Sukey a sneer or a smile—let alone a laugh; it condemns her to perpetual prunes and prism. So that Sukey may neither impress you by a haughty presence, nor sneer at you, nor laugh at you; one thing only remains—and it is a low expedient—she *can* put out her tongue at you—by the yard.

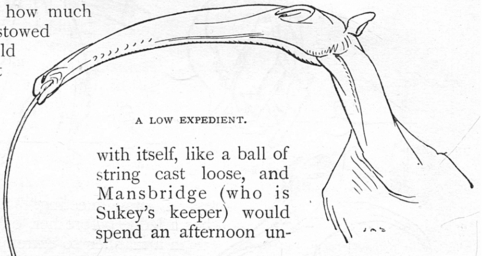


AN IMPOSING PRESENCE.

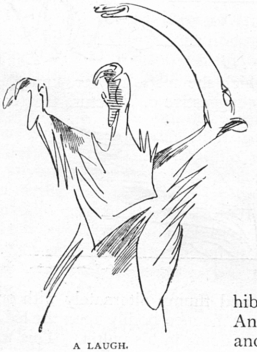


DIGNITY.

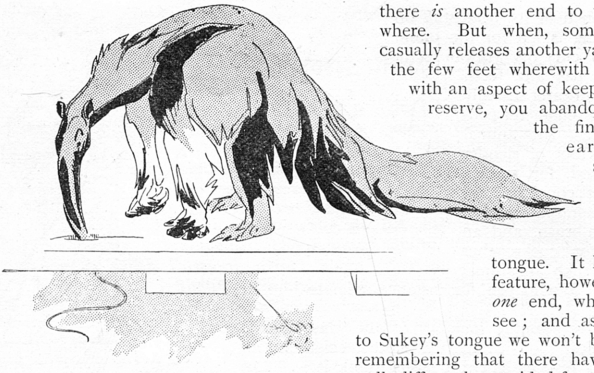
I have often speculated as to how much of this tongue Sukey really has stowed away inside her, and what would happen if she let it all out at once. It would probably get entangled with everything and with itself, like a ball of string cast loose, and Mansbridge (who is Sukey's keeper) would spend an afternoon unfastening all the knots. One has to see Sukey many times before the lineal possibilities of her tongue begin to dawn on one. See her once or twice only, and she may only exhibit a mere foot or so of it—possibly only eight or ten inches. Another time she will let out a foot or eighteen inches more, and you are rather surprised; still, your belief is unshaken that



A LOW EXPEDIENT.



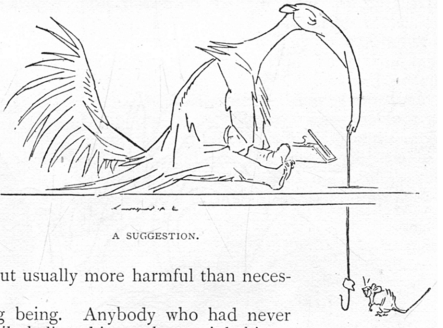
A LAUGH.



PERSEVERANCE.

there *is* another end to that tongue somewhere. But when, some time later, she casually releases another yard or two, beyond the few feet wherewith you are familiar, with an aspect of keeping miles more in reserve, you abandon the doctrine of the finiteness of things earthly as mere scientific superstition. Plainly, I don't believe there is any other end to Sukey's tongue. It has the redeeming feature, however, of possessing *one* end, which anybody may see; and as there is an end to Sukey's tongue we won't be too hard on her, remembering that there have been Sukeys—well, differently provided for.

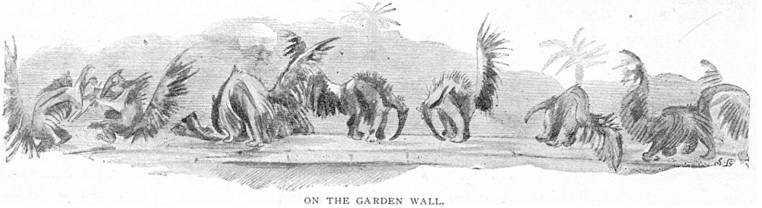
Sukey's tongue is a sticky thing, and she waves it about with a view of eating any unfortunate insect that may adhere to it, on the catch-'em-alive-oh principle. Her chiefest tit-bit is a cockroach, and, as you will perceive from her manner as you make her acquaintance, it is a firm article of Sukey's belief that visitors carry these interesting insects about with them, in large quantities. When one remembers how comparatively unfashionable this practice is, one can understand that Sukey largely lives the life of a disappointed creature. By way of a great feast, she will sometimes be given a mouse; and she fishes perseveringly through such odd cracks and holes as she may find, in hopes of providing such a feast for herself. I respectfully suggest baiting the end of her tongue with a piece of cheese. As it is, I fear her catch of mice is scarcely sufficient to warrant the importation of the ant-eater as a substitute for the harmless necessary (but usually more harmful than necessary) Tom-cat of the garden-wall.



A SUGGESTION.

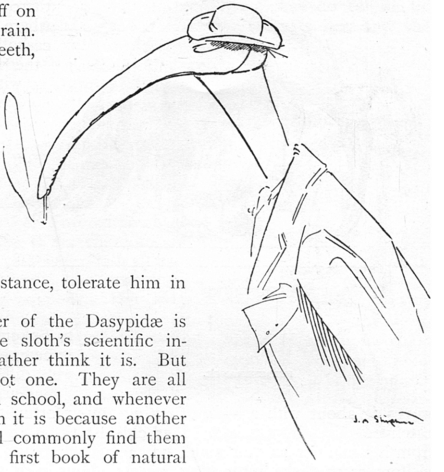
The ant-eater is not a prepossessing being. Anybody who had never before seen or heard of him would readily believe him to be an inhabitant of the moon. He looks the sort of animal one would invent in a nightmare; his comparatively sober colours and his bushy tail save him from being an absolute unearthly horror. Conceive, if you can, a pink ant-eater with blue spots and a forked tail!

Neither is the ant-eater very wise; nothing with so much tongue is very wise; and the ant-



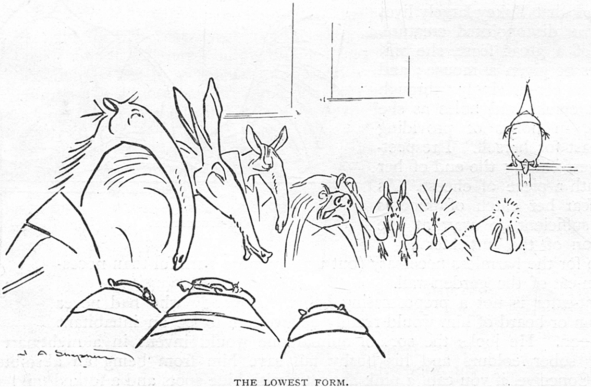
ON THE GARDEN WALL.

eater uses up so much of its head-stuff on its nose that nothing is left for the brain. The ant-eater never cuts his wisdom teeth, because he never has any teeth at all. Really the ant-eater scarcely seems a respectable character considered altogether. An animal with more than a foot of slender nose, expressly used for poking into other people's concerns (the ants'), an immeasurable tongue, no use for a tooth-brush, and an irregular longing for cockroaches for lunch—well, *is* such an animal quite respectable? Would you, for instance, tolerate him in your club?



NOT VERY WISE.

The only fairly respectable member of the Dasypidæ is the armadillo—unless you count the sloth's scientific indolence a claim to respectability; I rather think it is. But none of the Dasypidæ are clever—not one. They are all in the lowest form of the mammalian school, and whenever one is not at the bottom of the form it is because another already occupies the place. You will commonly find them placed last of the mammalia in the first book of natural history you look at.



THE LOWEST FORM.

Actors' Make-Up.

THE art of making-up is one which every actor cultivates most assiduously. He can convey as much by his countenance as he can by the words which so glibly roll off his tongue. An extra wrinkle about the eye will whisper of anything between a diabolical murder and a hungry interior; a highly-coloured nose may either betray a tendency to a too frequent falling down in adoration of Bacchus, or the excessive colour may act as a silent reminder of a "cobd it de head" and the advisability of an immediate application of a small bottle of glycerine. All well and good. But some of our actors are beginning to play pranks with their faces, and are forgetting that they possess a canvas which needs as delicate touching with the colours as that on the easel of a Royal Academician. There is a positive danger of "the Villain at the Vic"

"THE VILLAIN AT THE VIC."

making a successful re-appearance again—that estimable individual whose corkscrew curls were as black as his deeds; whose every glance told that "ber-lud, ber-lud, nothing but ber-lud, and let it be cer-r-rimson at that, my lor-rd!" would satisfy. You remember him. But it is not intended that these pages should either by word from pen or picture from pencil libel the face of any actor breathing. It is only desirable that the disciples of Thespis should be warned against overdoing their stage faces. There is really no need for it. They are not at Sadler's Wells to-day.

I remember one old actor at Sadler's Wells in the good old days. He used to boast that he had played several hundreds of parts during the last fifteen years, and had made one wig do for every character! He would flour it, tie it with a ribbon bow, and, lo! he had a George III. He would red-ochre it for a carroty cranium of a comic countryman, and he admitted once to black-leading it. His make-up was equally in keeping with his head-gear. He burnt a cork for making moustaches and eyebrows, he utilized the white-washed walls for powder, and scraped the red-brick flooring with his pocket-knife to gain a little colour for his cheeks. And even then he used to wonder how it was he could never get his face clean! Though it is to be hoped that no modern actor will ever have to stoop so low as the floor for his rouge, yet there seems to be rising up in our midst a generation of actors who altogether misunderstand the use of brush and pencil. Glance at this worthy fellow, for instance. Doubtless he is endowed with the best of intentions, but he has made his face resemble a sweep's, and the five-barred gate he has put on his forehead would not disgrace the entrance to a highly respectable turnip field.

"TOO MANY WRINKLES SPOIL THE FACE."

Now, he will enter like that, and would probably feel hurt if somebody were to cry out from the gallery that it would be as well if *some* actors were to let the audience see their faces for a change occasionally. The cultivation of wrinkles—on the stage, of course—is a positive art.

"Must put plenty of lines on the face," says the actor; "I'm playing an old man to-night." But there is no necessity to wrinkle the face like badly-straightened-out forked lightning; there is no need to lay down a new line on your countenance such as a debilitated luggage train would scorn. The effect, from the front, of the lines laid down about the vicinity of the eyes appears like a huge pair of goggles without the connecting link across the bridge of the nose.

Then there is "the old man from the country." His wrinkles

"'COLOURING' IT."

"THE FUNNY COUNTRYMAN."

are nothing more or less than wicked. He is not content with resembling a cross between Paul Pry and a Drury Lane clown — he pitchforks the paint on, increases the size of his mouth by "bringing up" the corners to insure a perpetual smile, wears a wig which even a Joey Grimaldi would shudder at, dresses as no countryman ever dressed, and wears a huge sunflower from his back garden. Your old stage hand, when called upon to play a countryman, will tell you that there is nothing to equal a level colouring all over the face, with a little rouge on the cheeks, and the immediate neighbourhood of the eyes touched up to balance the effect. Our country friend is almost as wicked in his make-up as the individual who still pins his faith to the hare's foot—now almost obsolete—and grins at himself in the glass, and considers an admirable effect is obtained by "rouging" a somewhat prominent nasal organ.

Your Dutchman is a funny fellow. Make-up: flaxen wig and fat cheeks. There are several ways of obtaining this necessary rotundity of

"DUTCH."

the cheeks. Padded pieces may be joined on to the other parts of the face with spirit-gum and coloured to match. I believe Mr. W. S. Penley adopted this course—and a very capital idea it was—when presenting his admirably amusing *Father Pelican* in "Falka." But there is considerable risk in resorting to another course which has of late become popular. Figs are inserted in the mouth on either side. The effect may be all right, but, I repeat, the risk is great. In a pantomime recently played the audience were considerably surprised to see the fat boy's cheeks suddenly collapse. The actor—who was particularly fond of these highly delectable articles—having, through some cause unknown, had to rush on the stage without his evening meal, suddenly became terribly hungry, and quite forgetful of the consequences, ate his own cheeks off. The pad, or coloured wool delicately joined with gum, is therefore to be recommended.

Nothing like a good eye—an eagle eye.

"BELIEVES IN A GOOD EYE."

Hence the camel's hair brush is called into requisition, and our theatrical friend plays at latitude and longitude all over his face. The wrinkle on the stage is a distinctive art, and to become on familiar terms with it is very necessary. The camel's hair brush has been superseded by lining pencils, which can be obtained in any colour. They possess the great advantage—being made of grease—of giving a wrinkle that will not wash off with perspiration. The "wash off" is after the play is over, when the wise resort to vaseline or cold cream, with a wash in warm water afterwards. The gentleman who plunges his head well wrinkled into a basin of water

"A NICE WASH."

before vaselining or cold creaming presents a sorry sight.

But, for really beautiful eyes, some ladies may be recommended. The fair performer has to play the juvenile part in a light comedy, has to be loved by the nice-looking young man who crowns himself with golden locks. Hence she goes in for a contrast—a strong contrast.

"'CROWNING' HIMSELF."

"Love!" she murmurs to herself—"love has eyes," and she immediately proceeds to "Two lovely black!"

A line under the eye will give it prominence. Too much prominence is not a desirable thing, especially about one's features.

"TWO LOVELY BLACK EYES."

But the "juvenile" lady does not stop at black-eyeing. The lips have to be made to look kissable, so they are reddened to a delicately puckered-up appearance. The grand finale is a fair wig, in total rebellion to the two lovely black!

Then we have "the old head on young shoulders"—the young man who makes up his face as "the doctor" really very well, but forgets all about his legs. His half-bald wig is joined to a nicety; his eyebrows gummed on most artistically; the wrinkles are wonderfully, but not fearfully, made. A good figure-head! But his walk is that of a "two-year-old"; the cut of his clothes, the shape of his collar, are those of a fashionable dandy. He stopped short at making-up his head. He should have continued the process all over.

The ways of producing whiskers, beards, or moustaches are of three kinds. They can be made by sewing hair on thin silk gauze, which fits the part of the face it is intended to decorate, and stuck on with spirit gum, or they can be made out of crêpe hair—a plaited, imitation hair — which, in deft fingers, may be made into

"OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS."

shape. These, too, are held on to the face with spirit gum. The last method is to paint the hair on. The latter course is not recommended.

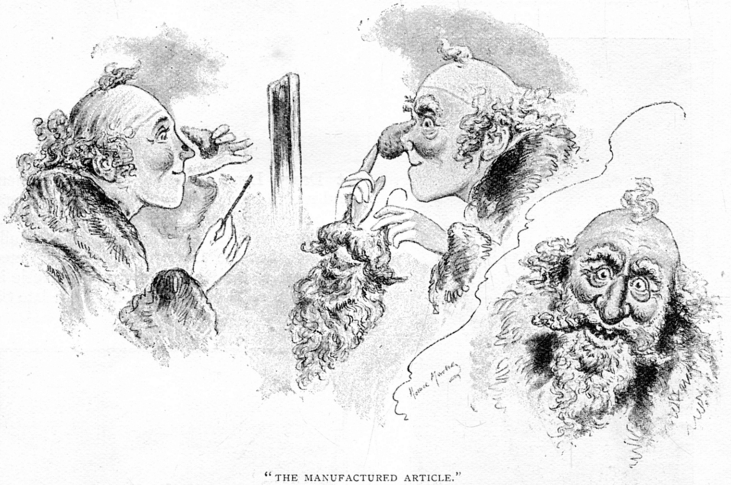
I remember once hearing a capital gag at

'THAT'S THE WAY TO GROW A MOUSTACHE, MY BOY."

the Gaiety Theatre on this whisker-spirit-gum question. I believe it was by Mr. E. W. Royce, and it was during the burlesque days of Edward Terry and Nelly Farren. Royce's moustache came off; he was supposed to have been driven on to the scene in a conveyance. He picked it up and proceeded to stick it on again, quietly remarking:—

"Dear me! I really must be moulting;
Unless it is the carriage jolting!"

One of the most effective make-ups on the stage is that of the Jew—and the really marvellous change which may be obtained in three moves is well illustrated in this character. The face prepared and painted, the wig joined to the forehead with grease paint, the actor proceeds to put on his nose, again finding the spirit gum handy. Such stage noses are invariably made of wool, coloured to suit the complexion. The beard—which for such characters as these is always a ready-made one—is fastened to the face by means of wire over the ears. He shrugs his shoulders, opens his eyes, leers, and—there is the complete manufactured article.



"THE MANUFACTURED ARTICLE."

DR. MACKENZIE.

BORN 1847.

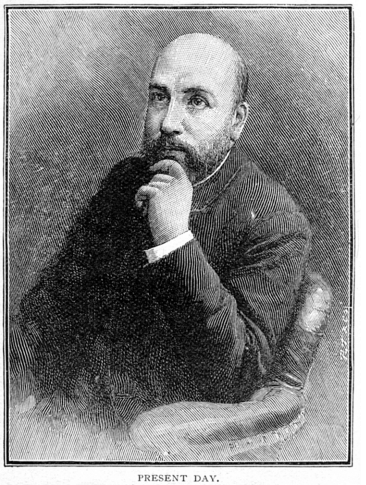
DOCTOR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, was born at Edinburgh, and sent to Germany at the early age of ten to study under Ulrich Edward Stein. Four years later he entered the dual orchestra

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by P. Thompson, Edinburgh.

at Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, and remained in Germany till 1862, when he came to London to study the violin under M. Sainton. The same year he was elected King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music. The composition which made him famous was his opera, "Colomba," based upon Mérimée's celebrated story. This was produced with great success by the Carl Rosa Company

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by P. Thompson, Edinburgh.

at Drury Lane in 1884. His subsequent and most noted works are his second opera, "The Troubadour"; "The Story of Sayid," and in 1890 "Ravenswood" was successfully produced at the Lyceum. He was elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music in February, 1888, in succession to the late Sir George Macfarren.



PRESENT DAY.
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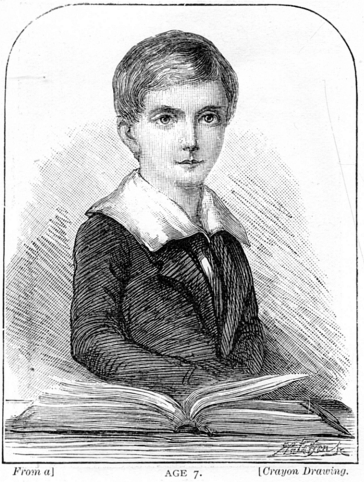


From a] AGE 7. *[Crayon Drawing.*

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

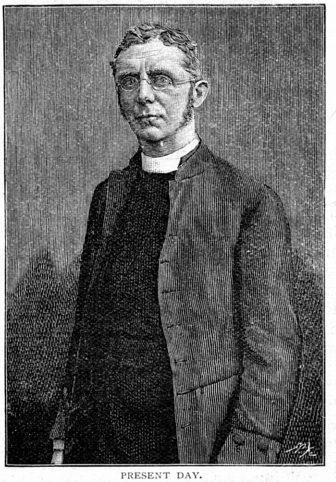
BORN 1839.

THE HON. AUGUSTUS LEGGE, Bishop of Lichfield, is the fourth son of William, fourth Earl of Dartmouth. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Eton, and later on to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. He was ordained in 1864, his first curacy being at Handsworth, Birmingham. In 1879 he succeeded his uncle, the Hon. Henry Legge, in the important benefice of St. Mary's,

AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Bayard & Bertall, Paris.

Lewisham. He was made Bishop in September, 1893.

From a] AGE 19. *[Drawing.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

HENRIK IBSEN.

BORN 1828.

HENRIK IBSEN, the eminent Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien. He is of German descent and speaks German with fluency; but he has never written anything in that language. He at first studied medicine, but soon abandoned that profession for literature. Under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, he published in 1850 "Catilina," a drama in three acts. In the same year he entered the University, where, in conjunction with others,

From a] AGE 37. *[Print.*

he founded a literary journal, in the columns of which appeared his first satire, "Nora et Dukkehjem." Through the influence of Ole Bull, the violinist, he became director of the theatre at Bergen, and in 1857 went to Christiania, where several of his plays were produced with great success. For some time he lived in Rome, and in 1866 obtained from the Storthing a pension. His best known works are: "Fru Inger til Oesteraad," 1857; "Haer Maendene paa Helgeland," 1858; "Brandt," 1866; "Peer Gynt," 1867; "Keiser og Galelaeer," 1875; and a volume of poems, "Lyriske Digte," 1871. "The Pillars of Society," 1877, contains, perhaps, the best embodiment of his social philosophy. Other works of his

AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Budtz, Muller & Co., Kjobenhavn.

are: "Ghosts," 1881; "A Social Enemy," 1882; "The Wild Duck," 1884; "Hedda Gabler," 1890; "The Master Builder," 1893.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Jos. Albert, Munich.

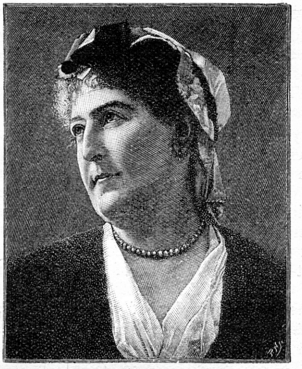
AGE 4.
From a Drawing.

LADY BURTON.

LADY ISABEL BURTON was born in London on the 20th of March, 1831, and married Sir Richard Burton, whose fame was due to no small extent to the assistance he received from her ability and wifely devotion. Lady Burton is a

AGE 21.
From a Painting by Desanges.

woman of great capacity, boundless energy, and immense force of character. Her recent book, "The Life of Sir Richard Burton," has brought her name prominently before the public. No one could have executed this work better than she who had followed him



AGE 45.
From a Photograph.

wherever his duty called; who had helped him with many of his works, and had taken part in all his undertakings. Lady Burton now lives a retired life, but always warmly welcomes the old friends of her husband.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

BORN 1824.

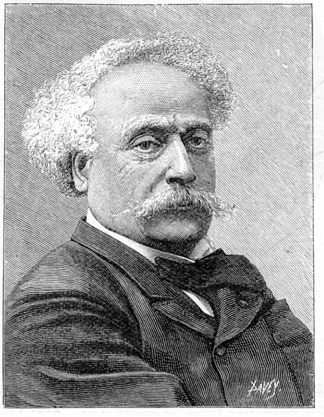
ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger son of the late Alexandre Davy Dumas, novelist and dramatic writer, was born in Paris, and received his education in the Collège Bourbon. Following, at a very early age, in the footsteps of his renowned father, he published, at seventeen, a collection of poems, "Les Péchés de Jeunesse." He failed, however, to attract particular notice until he made one of his tales the groundwork for a drama called "La Dame aux Camélias," which became one of the best-known productions of the day. Dumas has enjoyed the satisfaction of finding himself the founder of a new school: for imitators rapidly succeeded without, however,

From a] AGE 32. *[Drawing.*

being able to disturb his supremacy in this new line of art. He has the power of constructing a telling story, and his dialogue is well turned and pointed, displaying much shrewd observation of character. A comedy from his pen, entitled "Les Idées de Madame Aubray," was produced at Paris early in 1867. His "Visite de Noces" and "La Princesse Georges" were brought out at the Gymnase Dramatique in 1871. In 1872 he published a pamphlet called "L'Homme-Femme." It repeated the thesis of his novel, "L'Affaire Clémenceau," and a dramatic version of it was produced at the Gymnase in 1873 under the title of "La Femme de Claude." M. Dumas wa

From a] AGE 40. *[Photograph.*

installed as a Member of the French Academy, February 11th, 1875. He has published many works since, among which, "Joseph Balsamo," "Les Femmes qui tuent et les Femmes qui votent," "La Princesse de Bagdad," "Denise," and "Francillon" are well known.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Eug. Pirou, Paris.

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

By the Authors of "THE MEDICINE LADY."

VIII.—"TEN YEARS' OBLIVION."

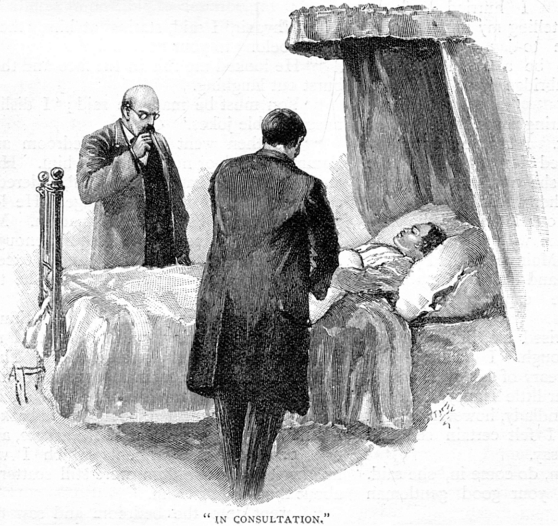
IN the spring of 1890 I was asked to see a patient at Croydon with another doctor in consultation. In this stage of the illness it was only an ordinary case of somewhat severe typhoid fever, but the interest lies in the succeeding stages, when complete recovery seems to have taken place. I have noticed this remarkable illness in my case-book as an instance of perhaps the most extraordinary psychological condition which has occurred in my practice, or I might say in that of any other man.

The patient was a young barrister; he had a wife and three children. The wife was a pretty, rather nervous-looking woman. On the day when I went to see her husband, in consultation with the family doctor, I could not help noticing the intensely anxious expression of her face, and how her lips moved silently as she followed my words. The illness was severe, but I did not consider it as specially dangerous, and had, therefore, only encouraging opinions to give her.

I saw Mainwaring again at the end of the week. He was then much better, and I was able to communicate the cheerful tidings to his wife that he was practically out of danger. He was a man of about three-and-thirty years of age, tall, and rather gaunt in appearance, with deep-set grey eyes, and a big, massive brow. I have often noticed his peculiar style of face and head as belonging to the legal profession. I could quite believe that he was an astute and clever special pleader. Abbott, the family doctor, told me that he was a common-law barrister, and I could well understand his using eloquent words when he pleaded the case of an unfortunate client.

I did not visit him again, but Abbott wrote to tell me that he had made an excellent recovery without hitch or relapse. Under these circumstances his case had almost passed from my memory, when the following startling incident occurred.

I came home one evening prepared to hurry out again to see a sick patient, when my servant informed me that a lady was waiting in the consulting-room to see me.



"IN CONSULTATION."

"Did not you tell her that I am not in the habit of seeing patients at this hour?" I asked.

"I did, sir," replied the man, "but she would not leave. She says she will wait your convenience; but, whatever happens, she must have an interview with you to-night."

"I had better go and see her, and find out what she wants," I murmured to myself.

I crossed the hall with some impatience, for I had several most anxious cases on hand, and entered my consult-

ing-room. A slight, girlish figure was seated partly with her back to me. She sprang up when the door opened, and I was confronted by the anxious and pleading face of Mrs. Mainwaring.

"You have come at last," she said, with a deep sigh. "That is a blessed relief. I have waited for you here because I want to ask your advice. I am in terrible anxiety about my husband."

"Your husband?" I replied. "But I understood Dr. Abbott to say that he had recovered perfectly. He said he had ordered him for a month to the seaside, and then hoped that he might resume his professional work."

"It was so," she replied. "My husband had a quick recovery. I am told that most typhoid fever patients take a long time to regain their strength, but in his case this was not so. After the worst was over, he seemed to get better by strides and bounds. A fortnight ago Dr. Abbott ordered him to the seaside. I had a fancy for Dover, and thought of going there. I had even written about lodgings, when my husband suddenly told me that he did not wish to go to the seaside, and would prefer spending a fortnight amongst his old haunts at Cambridge. We went there. We—we were very happy. I left the children at home. It seemed something like our honeymoon over again. Yesterday morning I received a letter telling me that my eldest child was not well. I hurried back to Croydon to see her, telling my husband that I would rejoin him to-day. My child's illness turned out to be a trivial one, and I went back to Cambridge by an early train this morning."

Here Mrs. Mainwaring paused and pressed her hand to her heart. Her face, excessively pale before, now turned almost ghastly. She had seated herself; she now stood up, the further to emphasize her words.

"When I reached our lodgings," she said, "my landlady met me with the astounding intelligence that Mr. Mainwaring had packed up all his belongings and had left Cambridge for London by the express train that morning.

"This news surprised me, but at first I heard it calmly enough. I believed that Edward had grown weary of his own society, was anxious about our little Nancy, and had hurried home. My landlady, however, looked so mysterious that I felt certain she had something further to say.

"'Come in, madam, do come in,' she said. 'Perhaps you think your good gentleman has gone home.'

"'I am sure he has,' I said. 'Can you get me a messenger? I will send a telegram at once and find out. If Mr. Mainwaring has gone home, he ought to have arrived by now.'

"My landlady was quite silent for a minute, then she said, gravely:—

"'Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mr. Mainwaring behaved in a very singular way before he left my house.'

"There was something in the woman's manner which impressed me even more than her words. I felt my heart beginning to sink. I followed her into the little sitting-room where my husband and I had spent some happy hours, and begged of her to explain herself.

"She did so without a moment's hesitation.

"'It all happened early this morning,' she said. 'I brought up breakfast as usual. Mr. Mainwaring was standing by one of the open windows.

"'I am going to town,' he said, 'by the express. I shall pack my things immediately. Bring me my bill.'

"'I was leaving the room to prepare it, when he shouted to me.

"'How is it those things have got into the room?' he said. 'Take them away.'

"'What things do you mean, sir?'

"'Those woman's things,' he said, very crossly. 'That work-basket, and that white shawl.'

"'Why, sir,' I said, staring at him, 'those things belong to your good lady.'

"'He looked me full in the face and then burst out laughing.

"'You must be mad,' he said; 'I dislike unseasonable jokes.'

"'He then went into his bedroom and slammed the door noisily behind him. Half an hour later he had paid the bill, ordered a cab, and gone off with his luggage. He left all your things behind him, madam. Mr. Mainwaring was collected and quiet enough, and seemed quite the gentleman except when he spoke of you; still I don't like the look of affairs at all.'

"I listened to my landlady," continued poor Mrs. Mainwaring, "while she told me this strange and most perplexing story. Then I glanced round the room for confirmation of her words. Yes, my husband and all his belongings had vanished, but my work-basket, my new hat, my mantle, my writing-case, and one or two little garments which I was making for the children, were still scattered about the drawing-room.

"I went into the bedroom and saw the

"TAKE THEM AWAY."

clothes I had left behind me, flung into a heap in a corner of the room.

"While I was looking at them in a state of mind almost impossible to describe, my landlady tapped at the door and brought me a note.

"'Under the circumstances, madam,' she said, 'you may like to see this letter. I have just found it, stamped and directed as you see, on the davenport in the drawing-room. I think it is in Mr. Mainwaring's writing.'

"I took it from her and looked at it eagerly. It was addressed in my husband's writing to a Don of the college (Trinity) where he had taken his degree. I did not hesitate to open it. Here it is, Dr. Halifax; you may like to read it. It may possibly help you to throw some light on this awful mystery."

Mrs. Mainwaring gave me the note as she spoke. It contained the following words:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I much regret having missed you when I called yesterday afternoon to say good-bye. I must take the present opportunity of thanking you for your kindness to me during the whole of my University career. I leave Cambridge by an early train this morning, or would call again to say farewell in person. I hope to call to see you on the first occasion when I revisit Cambridge.

"Yours sincerely,
"ED. MAINWARING."

I read the letter twice, and then returned it without comment to the wife.

"Will you redirect it and post it?" I said, after a pause.

She answered me almost in a whisper.

"The strange thing about that letter is this," she said. "It is addressed to a dead person. Mr. Grainger, Edward's old tutor, has been dead for many years. My husband felt his death keenly when it occurred. He has many times told me of the personal interest Mr. Grainger took in him. Have you no comment to make with regard to this letter, Dr. Halifax?"

"I shall have plenty to say in a moment," I answered. "That letter will give us a very important clue to our future actions, but now to proceed: Have you nothing further to tell me?"

"Yes; after reading the letter, I rushed to the nearest telegraph office and sent a telegram with a prepaid reply to my home. I waited with what patience I could for the answer, which came within an hour and a half. My husband had not returned to Stanley Villa. I then took the next train to town, and went back to Croydon on the chance of his having arrived there during the day. He had not done so. Dr. Abbott happens to be away, so I have come to you. Can you give me advice? Will you help me in any way?"

"Yes, of course, I will help you," I said. "Pray sit down." She had been standing with her hands clasped tightly together during the greater part of our interview. "Your story is a very strange one," I continued, "and I will give it and you my best attention in a moment. I must run away first, however, to give some instructions with regard to one of my patients, then I shall be at your service."

She sank into a chair when I told her to sit down. She was trembling all over. Her nerves were strung to a high pitch. I went into the hall, thought for a moment, then, putting on my hat, went out. As I was leaving the house, I told my servant to take a tray with wine and other refreshments into the consulting-room. Then I went a few doors off to see a brother physician. I told him I had a peculiar case to attend to, and asked him to see after my patients until the following day. I then went back to Mrs. Mainwaring; she had not touched the wine nor the biscuits which the servant had brought her.

"Come," I said, "this will never do. You must have this glass of wine immediately and one or two of these biscuits. You will be able to think much better and, consequently, to find your husband sooner if you take some necessary nourishment. Come, that is better."

I poured out a glass of port wine and gave it to her. She took it in her small, trembling hand and raised it to her lips, spilling the wine terribly as she did so.

"You will do better now," I said.

"Oh, it doesn't matter about me," she exclaimed, with impatience; "you have not told me what you think of my story. What possible reason can there be to account for my husband's most strange conduct?"

"I cannot give you a reason yet," I said. "My impression is that Mr. Mainwaring's mind is not quite right for the time being. Remember, I say for the time being. Typhoid is a very grave and terrible disease. Your husband suffered from an exceptionally serious attack. His apparently rapid recovery may have induced him to do more than he really had strength to undertake. If this were so, many strange symptoms might exhibit themselves. I can tell you more particulars with regard to the exact nature of his malady after I have seen him. The thing now is to try and find him. Before we begin our search, however, I should like to ask you a few questions of a practical nature. How old is your husband?"

"Nearly thirty-three."

"He took his degree at Cambridge, did he not?"

"Yes—just ten years ago. We talked much of it during the happy fortnight we spent there. We visited all his old haunts. He was a Trinity man, and loved his college with an enthusiasm I have seen in few. I never saw anyone happier than he was during the last fortnight. His spirits were gay. He seemed scarcely to know fatigue. He was always hunting up old friends."

"SHE RAISED IT TO HER LIPS."

"Were there many of the men of his time at Cambridge?"

"No—that was the sad thing. He has been unfortunate with regard to his friends. He made many, for he was popular and had a sympathetic manner which attracted people, but some had gone abroad and several had died. There was a Mr. Leigh in particular. He had been much attached to him in the old days. But he only heard of his death when we went to Cambridge, for he had completely lost sight of him for a

long time. This news saddened him for a little."

"When did he hear of Leigh's death?"

"The day before yesterday. The Dean of his college told him. He was visibly affected for the time, and talked of him to me all the evening. He told me several incidents with regard to a foreign tour they had taken together."

"Indeed! And he seemed depressed while he spoke?"

"Only just for a time."

"When did your husband and Mr. Leigh go abroad?"

Mrs. Mainwaring thought for a moment.

"It was just after Edward had taken his degree," she said. "He mentioned that fact also when he talked over matters the evening before last."

"From what part of England did Mr. Mainwaring and Mr. Leigh start on their foreign tour?"

"I think it must have been from Dover. Yes, I remember now; Edward said that Mr. Leigh arranged to meet him at Dover. He failed to keep his first appointment, and Edward had to remain at Dover waiting for him for twenty-four hours."

I thought over this piece of information for some time. The story was altogether puzzling; the queer thing about it being not so much the fact of Mainwaring's brain having gone wrong as the strange form his aberration seemed to have taken. It was too evidently the fact that he was either possessed by an active dislike to his wife, or had forgotten her existence.

After some anxious thought I asked Mrs. Mainwaring one or two more questions.

"Did you notice anything peculiar in your husband the last evening and night you spent together?"

"Nothing whatever," she replied. "My dear husband was just his old self. His depression about Walter Leigh soon passed away, and he spoke cheerfully about his own prospects and said how exceptionally lucky he considered himself to be able to resume his professional work so soon after such a severe illness. The evening post, too, brought him a letter, which cheered him a good deal. It was from a solicitor in large practice, offering him the brief of a very important case which was to come on in the criminal courts. Edward was highly delighted at the thought of this work, which meant large fees, badly needed by us just at present. Early the next morning the post brought us the news about Nancy's illness. My husband wished to go with me to Croydon, but I dissuaded him. I did not consider him strong enough, notwithstanding his boasted return to health, for this fatigue. He saw me off at the station, however, and promised to meet me there the following morning, if the child were well enough for me to return."

"Were you surprised when you did not see him?"

"I was, for he is the sort of man who always keeps any engagement he makes."

"A few more questions, Mrs. Mainwaring; and first, how long have you been married?"

"Six years," she said, looking up with a faint blush on her white face, "and Nancy will be five in a week."

"You never happened to meet this Walter Leigh?"

"Never."

"Did your husband ever speak of him to you until two days ago?"

"It is strange, but he never did. He is, as a rule, a very busy man—much occupied with a growing practice."

"Did you happen to know any of his college friends?"

"No."

"You were not in any way connected with that part of his life?"

"No; we never met until, at least, three years after my husband left Cambridge."

"Thank you," I said. "I do not think I have anything further to ask you."

"But what do you mean to do?" she asked. "We can't sit here quietly and allow my unhappy husband to roam the country. He *must* be found, and at once. He—he may have——" Her lips trembled, she lowered her eyes.

"No," I said. "He has not committed suicide. Rest easy on that point. From what you tell me of your husband I feel inclined to think—of course, I may be wrong—but I feel strongly inclined to think that he is at Dover at the present moment."

"What can you possibly mean?"

"What I say. It is quite within the region of probability that he may be at Dover, waiting for his friend Walter Leigh to join him."

When I said this Mrs. Mainwaring looked at me as if she thought I, too, had taken leave of my senses. I took no notice of her expressive face.

"I am prepared to go with you to Dover," I said. "Shall we start at once?"

She looked dubious and terribly anxious.

"It seems waste of time," she said, after a pause.

"I do not think so," I answered. "Your husband was in a weak state, notwithstanding his boasted strength. From what you tell me, he evidently exerted himself more than was wise while at Cambridge. By doing so, he strained a weakened frame. The brain forms the highest part of that frame, Mrs. Mainwaring, the highest and also the most easily put out of order. Your husband exerted his body too much, and excited his brain by old memories and the regrets which must come to a man when he visits the scene of vanished friendships. You say that Mr. Mainwaring was visibly affected when he heard of his great friend's death?"

"He was, he was. He turned white when the Dean told him. The death was tragic, too. Walter Leigh was killed on an Alpine expedition. The marvellous thing was how the news never reached my husband before. This can only be accounted for by the fact that he spent the year of Mr. Leigh's death in America."

"All this confirms my theory," I continued, "that your husband's brain, long weakened by serious illness, suddenly gave way. Brain derangement, as we know, takes all kinds of unexpected forms. I believe that the form it has taken in Mainwaring's case is this. He has forgotten the recent years of his life and has gone back again to his old college days. His letter to the Don of Trinity College who has so long been dead confirms this theory. His strange conduct with regard to you, Mrs. Mainwaring, further strengthens it. I feel almost certain that I am right in these impressions. They are sufficiently strong to make me anxious to visit Dover immediately. Now, shall I go alone, or will you come with me?"

"Of course I'll come with you," she answered.

She rose and began to draw on her gloves.

It was late June now, and the day had been a hot one. The twilight had faded into night when I assisted Mrs. Mainwaring into a hansom and directed the driver to take us to Victoria Station.

"I ASSISTED MRS. MAINWARING INTO A HANSOM."

We caught our train by a minute or two, and in process of time found ourselves at Dover. During the journey Mrs. Mainwaring scarcely uttered a word. She had drawn her veil over her face and sat huddled up in a corner of the carriage, as if she were turned into stone. I saw that she was partly stunned by the shock, and I felt anxious about her, as well as her husband.

When we arrived at Dover, she drew up her veil and said, impulsively:—

"What do you mean to do?"

"Before I do anything I must ask you another question," I replied. "Have you any idea what your husband's habits were ten years ago? Was he extravagant or careful?

For instance, on arriving at Dover, would he be likely to go to a good hotel?"

"He would go to the best," she answered. "He is not careful of money now, and I am sure he never could have been in the past."

"Then, if my surmise is correct," I said, "we are most likely to find him at the Lord Warden Hotel, which is, of course, the best in the town. Anyhow, it is worth while to go there first to make inquiries about him."

"Very well," she replied, in a submissive, hopeless kind of voice.

She had yielded herself up to my directions, but up to the present moment I had failed to inspire her with any faith in the success of my mission. She was evidently oppressed with the fear that Mainwaring had committed suicide, and seemed to think my conjecture about him impossible.

As we were walking to the hotel, she said, suddenly:—

"If my husband is really out of his mind, we are ruined from a worldly point of view."

"I am sorry to hear that," I replied. "Have you no private means?"

"No," she answered. "My husband had his profession, and he was doing good work as a barrister. But there is no profession in the world which requires greater brain power than his. We have nothing to live on except what my husband earns."

"In case Mr. Mainwaring cannot earn money for a time, have you no relations who will help you?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"We have no relations who will help us," she said. "It is true that my husband's father is still living—he is an old man, a clergyman. He has a small parish, and with difficulty makes both ends meet. It would be impossible to expect assistance from him." She sighed heavily as she spoke. Then she continued, with a naïveté which touched me: "Even at this terrible moment I cannot help thinking of the children, and of how they will suffer if our worst fears are fulfilled."

"Well," I said, in a cheerful tone, "we must hope for the best. The first thing is to find your husband. After that we must consider what is best to be done for him."

"Oh, can anything be done?" she asked, in a tone of supplication.

"We will see," I replied.

We arrived at the hotel and made inquiries. The name of Mainwaring was not in the visitors' book.

"That is nothing," I said, turning to Mrs. Mainwaring; "will you please describe your husband to the manager?"

She did so, entering into a minute and faithful description.

"A tall gentleman, broadly made, with a slight stoop," repeated the manager after her. "He wears glasses, does he not, madam?"

"Sometimes, not always," she replied.

"Has he a *pince-nez* which he puts on whenever he wants to ask a question?" continued the manager.

Mrs. Mainwaring turned crimson.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "then he *is* here! Dr. Halifax, you are right."

The manager asked further questions.

"A great many gentlemen wear glasses," he said. "I should like to be quite certain that madam's husband is really one of the visitors before I disturb any of them. The hour is late too, close on eleven o'clock, and a good many of the guests have gone to their rooms. About what age is the gentleman whom you want to find, madam?"

"He looks nearly forty," she replied at once, "although he is not in reality nearly so old. His hair is dark and slightly tinged with grey."

The manager called one of the waiters and spoke a few words to him. He then returned to us.

"I think," he said, "that there is a gentleman here who answers to madam's description, but I cannot find his name. Through an oversight it has not been entered in the visitors' book. The hotel is very full this evening. The gentleman who answers to your description," he continued, looking at Mrs. Mainwaring, "is occupying No. 39. Do you think you would know him by his boots?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Then they are probably at this moment outside his door. I will have them fetched, and you can look at them. Will you have the goodness to step inside the office, Mrs. Mainwaring, and you too, please, sir?"

I gave the manager my card, and told him that I was Mrs. Mainwaring's medical adviser. He motioned us to chairs, and in a short time a waiter appeared with a pair of boots on a tray.

"I have just taken these from outside the door of No. 39," he said, holding them up for inspection.

A glance told me that they belonged to a large, but well-shaped foot. Mrs. Mainwaring rushed forward, gave utterance to a rejoicing cry, and picked them up.

"These are undoubtedly Edward's boots," she exclaimed. "Yes, he is here. Thank the merciful God we have found him!"

"The gentleman has been in his room for some little time," exclaimed a waiter who had now come upon the scene. "Would madam like me to announce her arrival?"

"No," she said, turning very pale. "I will go to him without being announced. Will you come with me, Dr. Halifax?"

We went upstairs, and the chambermaid conducted us to the door of No. 39. We knocked. The door was locked from within, but our summons was immediately answered by the approach of a manly step. The door was flung open and Mainwaring, with a Baedeker's guide in his hand, stood before us.

Mrs. Mainwaring rushed to him and impulsively endeavoured to throw her arms round his neck. He started back in astonishment which was not feigned.

"May I ask?" he said, looking at me, his eyes darkening with anger, "to what I am indebted for this—this most extraordinary intrusion?"

"Don't you know me, Edward?" sobbed the poor girl. "I am your wife."

"You must be mad," he said. He looked at her with a blank stare of undisguised astonishment and even disgust. "I have not the pleasure of this lady's acquaintance," he said, addressing me in an icy tone.

"You don't know me?" she panted. "Oh, surely that must be impossible. I am your wife, Edward. Look at me again, and you will remember me. I am Nancy's mother—pretty Nancy, with her curling hair; you know how fond you are of Nancy. Don't you remember Nancy, and Bob, and baby?—I am their mother. Dear, dear Edward, look at me again and you will know me. Look at me hard—I am your wife—your own most loving wife."

Notwithstanding her agitation, Mrs. Mainwaring had been quiet and self-restrained up to this moment. The intensity of her passion now seemed to transform her. She flung aside her travelling hat and jacket. She was desperate, and despair gave to her sudden beauty.

In all my experience of the sad things of life, I seldom saw more terrible pathos than that which now shone out of the eyes and trembled round the lips of this poor young woman. She was so absorbed in trying to get her husband to recognise her that she forgot my presence and that of the amazed chambermaid who, devoured with curiosity, lingered near.

"DON'T YOU KNOW ME, EDWARD?"

"Edward," she said again, going up to her husband, "it is impossible that you can have forgotten me. I am your wife. I have been your wife for six years."

"Good Lord, madam!" he exclaimed, bursting into a terrible laugh. "If you were my wife six years ago, I must have married you when I was a boy. I had not left school six years ago. I am only twenty-three at the present moment. Do you mean to maintain that I married you when I was a lad of seventeen?"

"Edward, dear Edward, don't you know me?" she kept on pleading.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. She dropped suddenly on her knees, and taking one of her husband's hands tried to raise it to her lips. Her manner, her words, her attitude, pathetic to us who stood by as witnesses, had a most irritating effect upon Mainwaring.

"Get up," he said. "This is all a plant. But however long you choose to carry this game on, you won't get anything out of me. I must ask you, madam, to leave my room immediately. I do not even know your name. I never saw you before. Will you, sir," he added, turning fiercely to me, "have the goodness to remove this lady immediately from my bedroom?"

Mrs. Mainwaring staggered to her feet. The cold sarcasm of the words of denial stung her to the quick. She approached the door, but before she could reach it she turned faint and would have fallen had I not caught her and placed her in a chair.

"This is all some diabolical scheme to ruin a respectable man," said Mainwaring. "Will you favour me with your name, sir?" he added, turning to me.

"Halifax," I answered. "I am a doctor. I attended you as a consulting physician in your late severe illness."

"Heavens, what next?" he exclaimed. "I never had a day of serious illness in my life."

"I think, Mrs. Mainwaring, we had better leave him for the present," I said. "I will speak to the manager——"

Before I could add another word Mainwaring interrupted me hotly.

"Let it be clearly understood," he said, "that I forbid that woman to be called by my name. I will see this matter through myself. I have known of such things before. This is a scheme to ruin the character of an honourable man. But I shall take immediate care to nip it in the bud. Is that a chambermaid in the passage? Come here, please. Have the goodness to ask the manager to come to this room immediately. Do not go, madam, nor you either, sir, until I speak to the manager."

Mainwaring flung the Baedeker which he had been studying on a table. We heard some doors opened and some feet hurrying in our direction. Doubtless the chambermaid who had disappeared on Mainwaring's errand had already spread the news of our extraordinary story. When I heard people approaching I took the liberty to close the door of the room.

"What are you doing that for, sir?" exclaimed Mainwaring, whose face was now almost purple with excitement.

"Pray don't speak so loud," I replied, putting as much force and command into my voice as I possibly could. "I presume you do not wish the servants of the hotel to become acquainted with your private affairs."

He glanced at me savagely, but did not say anything further. A moment later the manager's knock was heard. I opened the door to him. He came in, looking anxious and disturbed, and asked why he had been sent for.

Mainwaring began to speak in an excited voice.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to ask you to see that this man and woman leave the hotel immediately. They have forced their way into my room and have endeavoured to perpetrate a most disgraceful hoax upon me. This lady, whom I never saw before, has had the audacity to claim me as her husband. I wish you to understand clearly that both these people are impostors. They must leave this hotel immediately if you wish it to retain its character for respectability."

The manager looked puzzled, as well he might. Mainwaring, although he showed symptoms of strong excitement, must have appeared perfectly sane to an ordinary observer. Poor Mrs. Mainwaring, white and trembling, stood up and looked at me to defend her.

"This is a very extraordinary story," I said to the manager. "I will give you my version of it in another room."

"Come," I said, turning to Mrs. Mainwaring. She put her hand into mine and I led her into the passage.

The instant we left the room Mainwaring shut and locked the door.

"That unfortunate gentleman is insane," I said to the manager of the hotel. "He must be watched, and on no account allowed to leave his bedroom without being followed."

"That is all very well, sir," replied the man, "but I must have very good evidence of the truth of your statements before I can allow any pressure to be put on the gentleman who occupies No. 39. This is a very queer story, and Mr. Mainwaring showed no signs of insanity before you came. But, insane or not, it isn't to be supposed that he wouldn't know his own wife."

"Take us into a private room and let me explain matters to you," I said.

The man did so.

"On your peril," I continued, "I must request you to set someone to watch that

door. I am a medical man, and you cannot trifle with my requests with impunity. That gentleman is in a dangerous state, and he must be closely watched."

"Very well, sir," replied the manager, in a more civil tone, "I'll tell the night porter to keep an eye on the door."

He left us for a moment, but quickly returned.

"Now, sir," he said. "I hope you'll have the goodness to explain matters a little, for, to say the least, it's a queer story."

"IT'S A QUEER STORY.

"It is," I replied, "a very tragic one—the only explanation possible is that the unfortunate gentleman whom we have just left has become insane. I am a medical man. You can see my name in the 'Medical Directory' if you look for it. I am well known in the profession. The gentleman in No. 39 has just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Until this morning he was apparently on the road to recovery. A fortnight ago he went with his wife to Cambridge to pay a short visit. They left their children at Croydon. Yesterday morning Mrs. Mainwaring heard of the illness of her eldest child and went to Croydon to see her, leaving her husband behind her at Cambridge. When she returned to Cambridge this morning he had vanished, leaving no trace behind him. We conjectured that he had come to Dover, and followed him here."

"I remember the gentleman now quite well," said the manager. "He came here quite early to-day and asked for a good bedroom, which he said he might want for a night or even two, as he was obliged to stay here until a friend joined him."

"Did he happen to tell you the name of the friend?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, I remember the name quite well. Mr. Mainwaring said that Mr. Leigh might arrive at any moment, and that when he did he was to be shown immediately to his room."

When the manager mentioned Leigh's name Mrs. Mainwaring broke the silence which she had maintained until now.

"Walter Leigh is dead," she exclaimed.

"Good Lord, dead!" cried the manager. "Was it sudden, madam? Does the — does Mr. Mainwaring know?"

"Walter Leigh is dead," she continued. "He has been dead for many years. But ten years ago my husband stayed at this hotel and waited for Walter Leigh to join him. He had to wait here for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time Mr. Leigh arrived, and they took the next boat to Calais."

"Have you the books of the hotel of ten years back?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir."

"Would you mind looking them up? It is important for all our sakes to substantiate the truth of this lady's words. Have you any idea, Mrs. Mainwaring, about what month your husband and Mr. Leigh went to the Continent?"

"Just after their degree examination," she replied. "They took their degrees together—that would be about this time of year."

"June ten years back," commented the manager. He seemed much impressed now,

and his manner showed me how greatly he was interested.

"I will go downstairs immediately and examine the books," he said.

He returned in about ten minutes with a bewildered face.

"You are right, madam," he exclaimed; "but the good Lord only knows what it all means. I hunted up the visitors' book of ten years back, and there were the two names entered in the book as plain as you please: Edward Mainwaring, Walter Leigh. Mr. Leigh occupied No. 25 and Mr. Mainwaring the room next to it, No. 26. Now, what does all this mean?"

"That Mr. Mainwaring has forgotten ten years of his life," I answered, promptly. "He must be carefully watched during the night. Can you give Mrs. Mainwaring a bedroom? I shall also sleep at the hotel."

The manager was now only too anxious to attend to our requirements. Mrs. Mainwaring was conducted to a room on the next floor and I occupied the bedroom next Mainwaring's, which happened to be empty.

Nothing occurred during the night, which was spent by me in anxious and wakeful conjecture.

At an early hour the next morning I joined Mrs. Mainwaring. One glance at her face showed me through what terrible suffering she had been passing. I told her without preamble what I considered the best and only thing to do.

"I have thought carefully over your husband's case," I said. "There is to my mind not the least doubt what has occurred. For some extraordinary reason Mr. Mainwaring has forgotten ten years of his life. His memory doubtless carries him accurately up to the date of his Cambridge degree. He remembers going to Dover, and is now under the impression that he is waiting for his friend, Mr. Leigh, to join him at this hotel. Whether he will ever recover the ten years which he has lost is impossible at the present moment to say. What I should advise now is this: Let someone whom Mr. Mainwaring knew intimately ten years ago come and see him, and tell him as simply and as forcibly as possible what has occurred. He may or may not believe this person's statement. I am inclined to hope, however, that he will bring his common-sense to bear on the matter, and will not doubt what he is told; but of course I may be wrong. Anyhow, this, in my opinion, is the only thing to try. Has your husband any intimate friend whom he knew well ten years back?"

"There is his father," she replied at once.

"Good. He could not possibly see a person more likely to influence him. I think you said that his father was a clergyman—better and better—he is probably an excellent man, in whose word his son would place unbounded confidence. Does he live far away?"

"It so happens," she answered, a faint smile filling her eyes, "that my father-in-law's rectory is not far from here. His parish is close to Canterbury."

"Give me the address, and I will telegraph immediately," I said.

She supplied me with it, and I quickly prepared a telegram, which was to bring the elder Mainwaring to his son's assistance. I was writing my telegram in the hall of the hotel when Mainwaring came downstairs. He looked full at his wife and me, but did not vouchsafe us the smallest sign of recognition. He entered the coffee-room, and I saw him sit down at a small table and order breakfast.

I whispered to the wife to take no notice. The poor woman's eyes were full of tears and she was trembling excessively, but she had the courage to do what I told her.

She and I entered the coffee-room a few moments later. We had breakfast together. Mrs. Mainwaring sat with her back to her husband, but I faced him and watched him anxiously while I ate. He had called for a daily paper and began to read it. I watched his face and saw that the contents of the paper puzzled him a good deal. He passed his hand across his forehead, took off his *pince-nez* and rubbed it, finally flung the paper on the ground and strode out of the room.

At this moment a waiter brought me a telegram. I opened it. It was not in reply to the one I had sent to Mainwaring's father, but was from a patient in town. Its character was so urgent and unexpected that I was forced to attend to it at once. It was necessary for me to catch the next train to London. I told Mrs. Mainwaring what had occurred, expressed great regret at being forced to leave her under such trying circumstances, assured her that I did not anticipate any fresh development of Mainwaring's illness, begged of her to keep out of his way as much as possible, and to wait as patiently as she could for her father-in-law's arrival. I then gave some hasty directions to the manager of the hotel and left for London. I promised to return to Dover, if possible, that evening.

My patient in town, however, was far too ill to make it advisable for me to leave him.

"THE CONTENTS OF THE PAPER PUZZLED HIM."

I could not go to Dover again that day. In the evening I received a telegram from Mrs. Mainwaring to say that her father-in-law had arrived, that her husband had received him with affection, but that otherwise his condition remained absolutely unaltered.

I wired back naming an early hour on the following day for my visit to Dover, and then tried to put these anxious circumstances out of my head.

I had just breakfasted on the following day and was preparing to start on my journey, when my servant brought me a card. I took it up and read the name with amazement: Edward Mainwaring.

"Where is the gentleman?" I asked of the servant.

"I have shown him into the consulting-room, sir."

"Did not you say that I was just going out?"

"Yes," replied the man, "but he said he was sure when you saw his card that you would see him at once."

"What aged person is he?" I asked.

"Middle-aged, I should say, sir. He is a tall gentleman, with a slight stoop. When he looked at me he put on his *pince-nez*."

A startled exclamation passed my lips. What strange new development of Mainwaring's disease had brought him to seek advice voluntarily from me?

I rose at once and went to the consulting-room. My patient was standing by one of the windows, but when he heard my step he turned and walked towards me.

"I have come, Dr. Halifax," he said, "to apologize for my rude behaviour towards you last night. Under the strange circumstances, I hope you will forgive me."

"I forgive you a thousand times," I replied in a hearty voice. "I cannot tell you with what inexpressible relief I see that you have already recovered your memory. Pray accept my warmest congratulations."

"Congratulations!" repeated the poor fellow, with a grim smile, "for what? I have not recovered my memory. At the present moment I am an instance of the man who lives by faith."

"What can you mean?" I said, much puzzled in my turn by his words.

"What I say," he replied. "I live by faith. My father, whom I have always revered and loved as the best of men, has made a strange statement to me—his statement confirms the story you and—" here he hesitated slightly—"and the lady you brought with you the other evening told me. I believe my father—therefore I believe you. This is a very strong act of faith. Were I asked to describe what I alone know about myself, I should say that I am at the present moment twenty-three years of age, that I have just finished a successful academic career at Trinity College, Cambridge; I mean to become a barrister and am about to read for the law, but before entering on a somewhat severe course of study I propose to go abroad with my special friend, Walter Leigh. This is exactly how matters appear to me at the present moment. With regard to my past, I can give you chapter and verse for almost every event which has occurred to me since I was a young child. My boyhood, my school days, in especial my recent life at Cambridge, are accurately remembered by me to the smallest detail. That, as far as I can tell, is my history. I am a young man with bright prospects just beginning life. I am told, however, by one

whose word I cannot doubt, that I have a further history of grave importance. I am married—I have a wife and three children. I have a house at Croydon, where I have lived for over six years. I am a common-law barrister, and am rising in my profession. I have just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, during which time you visited me twice in consultation with another doctor. My father tells me of all these things, and because he is my father I believe him; but, as a matter of fact, I remember nothing whatever of this important period of my existence. That poor girl whom I treated so harshly in your presence is in reality my wife. My father says so, and I believe his word, but I have not the most remote remembrance of ever seeing my wife before. When did I woo her? When did I marry her? What was her name before she took mine? I remember nothing. All is an absolute and complete blank. In short, ten years, the most important ten years of a man's life, have been wiped out of mine. Am I insane?"

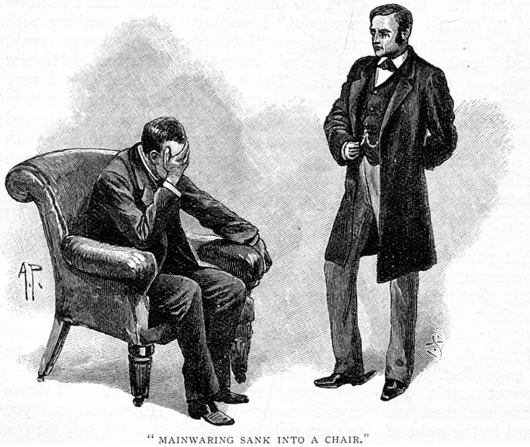
"Not in the ordinary sense," I replied; "but there is no doubt that something has gone wrong with a certain portion of your brain."

Mainwaring sank into a chair while I was speaking; now he sprang up and walked across the room.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, turning abruptly and facing me. "Then it is true. What reason is left to me almost reels before the astounding fact. It is absolutely true that my youth is over. As far as I am aware I never spent it. I never used it, but it is gone. I have a wife whom I do not love. I have children whom I care nothing whatever about. I have a profession about which I know nothing. I cannot give legal advice. I cannot accept briefs.

"My father tells me that I am a married man and a barrister. You tell me the same. I am bound to believe you both. I do believe you. All that you say is doubtless true. I am surely in the most horrible position that man ever found himself in. I am a husband, a father, a professional man. I do not remember my wife. I should not recognise my own children; and what is perhaps worst of all, from a practical point of view, I have completely lost all knowledge of my profession—I cannot therefore earn a single penny for the support of my family. I have come here to-day, Dr. Halifax, to ask you if anything can be done *to give me back my ten years!* Can you do anything for my relief? I am willing to undergo any risk. I am willing to submit to any suffering which can give me back the time that has slipped into oblivion."

"I must think carefully over your case," I said. "I need not say that it is of the deepest interest. I cannot tell you how glad I am that you have come to me as you have done. If you had chosen to doubt your father's word, it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have helped you. As it is——"



"MAINWARING SANK INTO A CHAIR."

"I live by faith, as I said just now," repeated Mainwaring. "What is your thought with regard to my condition?"

"Your condition is strange indeed," I replied. "I cannot explain it better than by comparing the brain to the cylinder of a phonograph. The nerve cells, which can be counted by thousands of millions, represent the cylinder. When certain sensations are conveyed to these cells they are imprinted on them like the impressions made by the needle on the cylinder of the phonograph. Even years afterwards the same series of

events or sounds are thus reproduced. *You have lost your cylinder for ten years.* What I have to do is to try by some means to give it back to you again. But before I say anything further, let me ask you a question or two. You say you feel like a young man of twenty-three about to enjoy a well-earned holiday. This is equivalent to announcing the fact that you feel in perfect health."

"I certainly feel perfectly well in body," replied Mainwaring. "My mind is naturally much disturbed and upset, but I have neither ache nor pain, except——" Here he paused.

"The word 'except' points to some slight discomfort, surely?" I replied, with eagerness. "Pray tell me exactly what you feel. Any clue, however slight, is most important."

"I have a certain numbness of my right fore-arm and hand, but this is really not worth mentioning. I am absolutely strong and well. I *feel* twenty-three." He sighed heavily as he spoke, and sinking into a chair, looked fixedly at me. "What do you consider the cause of my extraordinary condition?" he asked, abruptly.

"The cause," I replied, "is either the plugging of an artery or the rupture of a small vessel in your brain. Thanks to the valuable researches of eminent men who have made the localization of cerebral functions the work of their lives, I am able to tell pretty readily in what portion of your brain the mischief lies."

"How?" asked Mainwaring, starting forward in his chair and gazing at me with eyes of devouring interest.

"You yourself have given me the clue," I answered, with a smile. "You tell me you have a distinct feeling of numbness in your right fore-arm and hand. We know that some of the highest cerebral centres are closely connected with the centres of the nerves of that limb. I can picture to myself—though, of course, I may be wrong—the exact spot where this lesion has taken place. It is certainly most important that something definite should be done to restore your memory and all it entails."

"Then you will do that something?" exclaimed Mainwaring. "You cannot hesitate. You will not lose a moment in giving me the relief which I earnestly crave for."

"I should like to consult Dr. Oliphant, the great brain specialist," I replied.

Mainwaring sprang again to his feet.

"No," he said, "that I cannot permit. He may say nothing can be done, and then you may have scruples with regard to the right of exposing my life to a certain risk. I will permit no consultation. If you know what is the matter with me, you can give me relief without seeking for further assistance. Do you think I value life under existing circumstances? Not that!" He flipped some imaginary substance away from him as he spoke with his finger and thumb. "I put myself absolutely into your hands, Dr. Halifax," he said, making an effort to restrain himself. "You say that an artery is plugged in my brain, or that there is the rupture of a small blood-vessel. You can surely do something to remove the obstruction?"

"Yes," I said, "I can perform a certain operation, which I will shortly explain to you. I know you are a brave man; I do not, therefore, hesitate to tell you that the operation is of a very serious nature, also that there is a possibility of my being wrong with regard to the localization of the injury."

"There is also a possibility of your being right," retorted Mainwaring. "I will accept the risk. I wish the operation to be performed."

"I should certainly like to consult Dr. Oliphant," I repeated.

"You cannot do so against my express wish. I insist on the operation being performed, even at the risk of life—can I say more?"

"You certainly cannot," I answered. I looked fixedly at him. He was a fine fellow. Intelligence, resolve, endurance, were manifest in his expressive eyes and strong, masculine features.

"I am inclined to believe that I shall be successful," I said, rising and speaking with enthusiasm. "I will agree to do what you wish, and we will leave the results in the Highest Hands. The operation is doubtless a very grave one, but you are a man temperate in all things. You have also abundantly proved that you have a good constitution. With extreme care your life may not be even endangered. In that case you will be, at *the worst*, only as you are now. At the best you will be yourself once again. If what I think is the case, I can, by the operation which I propose, remove the obstruction which now cuts off from a portion of your brain the necessary life blood which alone can assure its working. In short, I can restore your brain to its normal state. I propose to open the cranial cavity at the exact spot where I think the mischief is."

"Good," replied Mainwaring; "I leave myself in your hands. How soon can you put me right?"

"I must see your wife and your father."

"Will you return with me now to Dover?"

"No," I answered. "You are so far yourself that you do not need me to accompany you. Take the next train to Dover. Tell your father and wife what you have resolved to do. I will take lodgings for you in a quiet street near this, and will perform the operation to-morrow."

A moment or two later Mainwaring left me.

The die was practically now cast. I was going to experiment, and in a daring manner. It was possible that the result might lead to fatal consequences. I knew this possibility; nevertheless, I scarcely feared that it would arise. I had explained everything clearly to Mainwaring—he was willing to accept the risk. If his wife and father were also willing, I would perform the operation on the following day.

That afternoon I took comfortable rooms for my patient in a street adjoining that in which I lived. I also engaged an excellent surgical nurse, in whom I could place perfect confidence. There was then nothing more to do except to await the arrival of the Mainwarings.

Mrs. Mainwaring and her father-in-law arrived at the rooms which I had taken for them, late that evening. They sent me a message at once to say they would be glad to see me, and I hurried to pay them a visit.

Mrs. Mainwaring looked pale—her face was haggard—her eyes disturbed and restless. She came impulsively to meet me, and clasped one of my hands in both of hers.

"Edward has told me what you propose to do," she exclaimed, "and I am willing—I am abundantly willing that he should run this great risk."

Her words almost surprised me. I looked from her to her father-in-law, who now held out his hand.

"I have often heard of you, Dr. Halifax," he said, with a courteous, old-fashioned gesture. "I think you know some special friends of mine. I may say that I place absolute confidence in your skill, and am willing to put my son's life in your hands."

I looked attentively from one face to the other.

"I am glad you both give your consent," I replied. "I should not perform the operation, which I trust will relieve Mr. Mainwaring, without your mutual sanction. I must tell you plainly, however, that although I am willing to do it, it is accompanied by grave risk, and I do not believe another doctor in London would attempt it."

"You mean that Edward may die?" said the wife in a low voice.

I looked her full in the eyes.

"There is a possibility," I said.

"But I do not think he will," she said, a wonderful light leaping into her face. "I am a woman—a woman does not always reason, but she strongly believes in instincts—my instinct tells me that you will save my husband, and in short give him back to me as he was before. At the worst, even at the worst——" here she turned ghastly pale, "he would *know* me in another world. I could endure to be parted with him on those conditions. I cannot—I cannot endure the present state of things."

Her composure suddenly gave way, she sobbed aloud.

"There is nothing more to be said," I remarked, after a brief pause. "I have all your consents, and have made full arrangements to perform the operation to-morrow morning. A clever surgeon, whom I know well, will assist me, and an excellent trained nurse will arrive at an early hour to get the patient ready for our visit. By the way, where is your husband, Mrs. Mainwaring?"

"SHE CLASPED ONE OF MY HANDS IN BOTH OF HERS."

She had dried her eyes by this time.

"He is in the house," she said,

"but he does not wish to see you again until the moment when you can give him relief."

I said a few more words, and soon afterwards took my leave.

Early the next morning, accompanied by a surgeon and an anæsthetist on whose assistance I could depend, I arrived at Queen Anne's Street. We were shown at once to the room where my patient waited for me. He was sitting in a chair near the window. The nurse was standing in the background, having made all necessary preparations.

"Here you are," he said, rising and greeting me with a cheerful smile, "and here am I, and there is a Providence over us. Now, the sooner you put things right the better."

His courage delighted me. I was also much relieved to find that neither his wife nor father was present.

"With the help of God, I believe I shall put you right," I said, in a tone of assurance, which I absolutely felt.

An hour and a half later I went into the sitting-room, where Mainwaring's father and wife were anxiously waiting for my verdict.

"The operation is well over," I exclaimed, "and my patient is at present sound asleep. When he awakens the moment will have arrived when we must prove whether I have done anything for him or not. Will you have the courage to come into the room with me, Mrs. Mainwaring? I should like him to see you when he opens his eyes. If he recognises you, I shall know that I have been successful."

To my surprise she shrank back.

"No," she said, "the ordeal is too terrible. Failure means too much agony. I cannot endure it; I am not strong enough."

"Then what is to be done?" I asked.

"In any case, Mainwaring will know his father. His knowledge of *you* is the test which I require to tell me whether I have succeeded or failed."

She smiled faintly and left the room. In a moment she returned, holding by the hand a beautiful little girl of five years of age. She had a wealth of red-gold hair falling almost to her waist; her large eyes were like sapphires.

"This is Nancy," said the mother, "her father's pet and idol. I sent for her this morning. When my husband awakens, take her into the room—she is not shy. If her father recognises her, all is well."

"Very well," I replied.

All that day I watched by Mainwaring; in the evening I came for Nancy. "Come," I said. The child looked at me with her grave eyes—she was perfectly calm and self-possessed. I lifted her in my arms and left the room with her.

I entered the bedroom where my patient lay. The child's arms encircled my neck. My heart was beating quickly, anxiously. Little Nancy looked at me in surprise.

"Is father ill?" she asked.

Mainwaring's eyes were open. I put the child on the floor.

"Go and speak to him," I said.

She ran up to the bed.

"Are you ill, dad?" she repeated, in a clear, high voice.

"Halloa, Nan!" he said, smiling at her.

He stretched out one of his hands. The child caught it and covered it with kisses.

"Send your mother to me, my sweet Nan," he said, after a pause.

Then I knew that Mainwaring had got back his ten years.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XXX.—MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

IT is late in the day to refer to Mr. Edward Lloyd as possessing the right to the position of our leading British tenor—indeed, it might be said to that of one of the first tenors in the world. Mr. Lloyd has won his way to this position simply by the earnest sincerity which has characterized everything he has undertaken—added, of course, to great natural gifts. Since eleven years of age he has always been a working man, and has laboured with a set purpose always before him. His heart and soul are as much in a simple little ballad as in an operatic selection. The public have felt this, and have not been slow in letting it be known. He is, in many ways, a remarkable man. If there is anyone who is prone to be spoiled by a community ever ready to pamper a popular individual, it is a tenor. But from what I have seen—and my opportunities have been peculiar ones—of Mr. Edward Lloyd, he impressed me as being a man who sets his face against all flattery, no matter how honestly it may be deserved. There is absolutely nothing professional about him. In a word, he is about as perfect a specimen of an Englishman as one would wish to meet, and as one who loves his home and its associations, may be held up as a model man. Of medium height and stalwart appearance, with a countenance which is a happy hunting ground for smiles, you no sooner feel the grip of his hand than you know you have met a man brimming over with good nature, honest intention, and unadulterated sincerity.

From a Photo. by] MR. EDWARD LLOYD. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Previous to the interview proper we made a hurried trip to Brighton, where for three or four months every year Mr. Lloyd, together with his family, migrates, and where he has a pretty little house within a stone-throw of Mr. Edmund Yates's. Its blue tile window-boxes are full of the greenest of evergreens, and flowers are working out their own notions of decorative art everywhere. Here the walls are given up to a magnificent collection of hunting pictures. The dining-room has many exquisite bronzes, and passing by an old grandfather's clock in the hall—picked up in a Devonshire cottage one holiday time, and in which, to the methodical tick, tick, tick, of the works, a ship keeps time on some linen waves—a peep into the drawing-room reveals many a portrait of professional brothers and sisters—Santley, Maybrick, Antoinette Sterling, Lady Hallé, etc., with a number of water-colours by Danby, Enoch, and Prout.

I have already referred to Mr. Lloyd's homely disposition, and this may be the better understood when it is mentioned that on the occasion of my long chat with him at his beautiful house at Tulse Hill, after my visit to Brighton, the day was positively converted into a holiday. The two youngest boys, Ramon Richard and Cecil Edward, had a day's leave from Sidcup College. Mr. Edward Turner Lloyd, the eldest son, and a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, was there.

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—BRIGHTON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in our journey at the steps which lead to the interior of Hassendean, a photographic pause for the purpose of a family group. Even "Ruff," a fine Persian cat, who a minute ago had been engaged in chasing an innocent sparrow, was called into requisition to face the camera as being an important representative of the domestic pets of the house. However, as soon as we got indoors again it was apparent that pussy could only lay claim to a certain share of favours bestowed.

Miss Mary Louisa Lloyd sang many a delightful ballad to us, and Mrs. Lloyd herself, together with her husband and Mr. N. Vert, an old friend of the family, made up a very happy party. So, together with this merry company, I explored the house and grounds of Hassendean.

The early months of winter had by no means robbed the garden of a thousand beauties. Flowers which help to brighten the dark and cold months of the year were bravely holding up their heads above the soil, and the trio of tennis-courts looked in perfect condition. Mr. Lloyd and all the members of his family are enthusiastic tennis players, and it is no difficult matter for one to picture the pleasant little parties which gather on the grass and revel in the five o'clock teas set out impromptu in the cosy arbours.

A voice proceeded from the kitchen; it was the parrot, who had been sent down below in order to be in close proximity to the kitchen fire, owing to a temporary indisposition. Still, its much-to-be-regretted sickness in no way interfered with its powers of

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—BRIGHTON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

There is a pause

From a Photo. by] HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

speech. Then, as we stayed for a moment in the conservatory—where, in the midst of the palms and ferns, a fine statuette of "A Dancing Girl," by J. Lawler, who sculptured one of the sides of the Albert Memorial, stands in a conspicuous position—a little canary suddenly bursts into song as Mr. Lloyd encourages it by running his fingers along the wires of its cage. This same little canary played a conspicuous part after lunch, when we repaired to the conservatory, of which more anon.

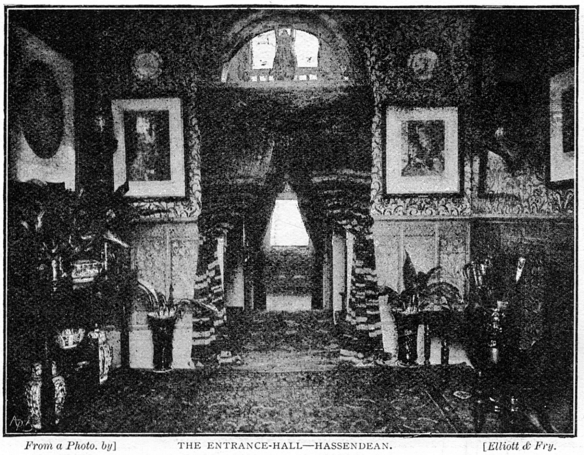
The entrance-hall of Hassendean—on the front door of which hangs a lucky horseshoe—is given up to some admirable examples of engraving—after Millais, Gainsborough, and Burton Barber; whilst the staircase leading to Mr. Lloyd's own particular sanctum, in addition to providing hanging space for many pictures of musical celebrities, has an artistic selection of Doré's works.

Mr. Lloyd's own room chiefly contains family pictures. On the mantelpiece are his children; by the window his father, and close by a reproduction of the stained glass window erected to the memory of the great tenor's mother at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. The dining-room looks out on a great expanse of lawn, studded with fir trees, and contains some grand canvases by Ogilvie Reid, Knupp, Hughes, Ladelle, Danby, Cobbett, Hans Poch, of Munich, and J. Stark.

Mr. Lloyd points out with pardonable pride five drawings by Rossetti, which hang in the drawing-room; he is a hearty admirer of this brilliant artist's work. The cabinets in this apartment are full of the choicest of Dresden china and enamelled silver ware, and a prominent position is given to a Russian silver cigarette case inscribed: "Presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to Edward Lloyd, October, 1884." The motto on it is in Russian, and its translation reads: "Carry about, don't lose, frequently remember."

The presentments of the features of musical friends are numerous, and, as Mr. Lloyd takes up a picture of the late Barry Sullivan as *Hamlet*, he remembers that he was the last friend to see him when he was drawn out on to the balcony of his house at Brighton, just before he died. When we remember Mr. Lloyd's profession, one may be permitted to refer to the music-room as being the most used apartment in Hassendean. It is really a magnificent room, which the famous tenor had expressly built for himself; its proportions are perfect, its acoustic properties everything to be desired. There are two floors to this room at a distance of 4ft. apart. This realizes an admirable sounding-board.

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Lloyd, in reply to my question, "I practise here; but I fear that the



From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE-HALL—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

public little realize what practice means. I am never satisfied, though I invariably practise a new work every morning for two or three months. I first give my attention to the notes, then study the real meaning of the words. You then begin to see the beauty of the work and gain a knowledge of the composer's idea. Not until a work is learnt thoroughly do you begin to realize its countless gems, and the more I 'live' with the written genius of great composers, the greater pleasure do I find in their beauties."

The music-room has a grand ceiling. Its walls are incrusted with crimson, with a fresco of black oak. The engravings are after Millais, Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, Luke Fildes, Orchardson, Leader, and Rosa Bonheur. The blue china, which is set out on the great mantelboard, once belonged to Rossetti, and the grand piano was made by Schidemeyer, of Stuttgart.

After lunch, I not only listened to the fine tones of the Schidemeyer—but something more. It was a most charming *entr'acte* to our chat together. We were all sitting in the conservatory, and Dick, the canary, was trilling some of his purest notes. At an almost unnoticed sign from her mother, Miss Lloyd quietly left her chair and was followed by her elder brother; the opening bars of a delightful song of Spain were played, and then the voice of Miss Lloyd was heard in all its girlish sweetness. The little canary remained silent until the finish of the song, then it burst out again; once more came a chord from the piano—a familiar chord—"Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," and I listened to the magnificent voice of our great tenor. He probably never sang with greater expression or intenser feeling than he did that afternoon at Hassendean. The two young lads from Sidcup rested their

From a Photo. by] THE STUDY—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

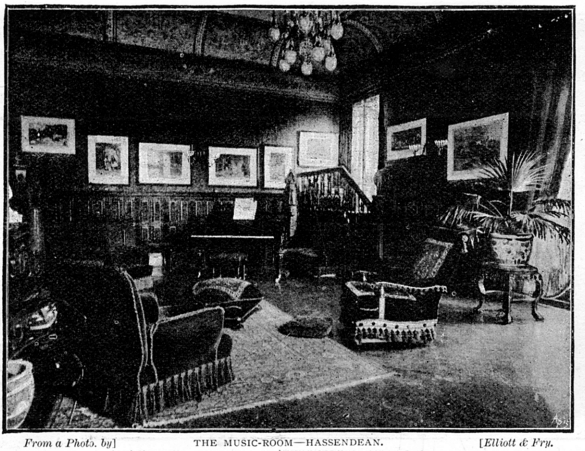
From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

heads on their hands, leant forward so that they might not miss a note, and made frantic efforts to outrival the applause of perhaps one of the smallest audiences Mr. Edward Lloyd has ever sung to in his life. When he had finished, Mrs. Lloyd quietly leant across to me very happily, and said: "I haven't heard my husband sing that song for more than fifteen years!"

So we settled down for our talk—and the story of a career which has been one long ascent to the very top rung of the ladder was told very modestly, with a constant genuinely kindly reference to others running through the whole. There is nothing self-assertive about Mr. Lloyd — he remains steadily the same all the time; watching for opportunities to praise his brother and sister artists, though it be at his own expense. When he speaks of others he endeavours to impress upon you that he *means* it; when he must needs speak of himself he does so with a merry laugh and hurries up to get it over. His heart is perfectly open. He is not a "coddled up" individual; he never did and never will believe in it. He never muffles his throat up in a huge silk scarf, but believes in the low collar and "weathering it." The only time he muffled his neck he caught a fearful cold. His advice is: "Breathe through the nose, and not through the mouth, when coming out of a hot room. Don't wrap up; whilst an egg beaten in a very little whisky and water will be found an excellent stamina.

"I was born on 7th March, 1845," he said. "My mother was a daughter of John Larkin Hopkins, who was a professor of music in the Royal household of George IV., and held the position of bandmaster of the Scotch Fusilier Guards for thirty-nine years. He was a fine, stalwart man, of immense

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE MUSIC-ROOM—HASSENDEAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

strength, and lived to the ripe age of eighty-two. My mother, who was one of seventeen children, inherited much of my grandfather's talent. She was a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and gained the King's Scholarship for her pianoforte playing at the age of seventeen. My father was Richard Lloyd, whose good tenor voice gained for him a vicar choralship in Westminster Abbey. I have a vivid recollection of him, for I think I was his pet child; I know that I had all I wanted. I was only five when he died, and my mother, with the utmost devotion, took me in hand with five other brothers and sisters. She held a very influential musical post at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, where she remained for fourteen years; her health gave way, however, and she returned to London. You have seen in my room upstairs a picture of the memorial window which those who knew and loved her caused to be placed in the Great Hall, Cheltenham College."

Little Edward, however, lived in London with an aunt, and Mr. Lloyd has the happiest recollections of the many letters which his mother wrote, always asking for news of her boy. It was happy news, indeed, when the mother heard that her little seven-year-old son had joined Westminster Abbey as a chorister under James Turle, the Abbey organist, who had not been slow in recognising the great gift of a beautiful voice which had been bestowed upon the youth. He took him under his special care, and to-day the great tenor never tires of bearing testimony to the patience of his first master, who seemed never to weary in instructing him in the art of which he was so accomplished a master.

"They were very happy days at the Abbey," continued Mr. Lloyd. "I served as a probationer for twelve months, and was then entered as a full chorister. After a few years, I became one of the first four, until at last I was promoted to head boy. As a chorister I sang at the funeral of the eminent engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, and wore the old-fashioned black scarf and black gloves. Even in those early days I got quite a number of engagements; we used to be paid three or four guineas for the week's singing at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, but when I became one of the chosen four boys, Mr. Turle, who had the musical arrangements associated with big City dinners, frequently selected me to sing at a guinea and sometimes two guineas a night at the banquets given by such City companies as the Ironmongers', Merchant Taylors', Goldsmiths', Vintners', etc., where boys in those days always sang the soprano parts in the glees and part-songs. The Dean, however, put a stop to it on account of our health, as it kept us out very late; still, Dean Trench was always very kind to us, and in the evenings would frequently invite us to the Deanery to play at bob-apple. You know the game! An apple is suspended on a string and is set in motion, your hands are tied behind your back, and you try to

bite the apple. The Dean was as merry as any of us, and revelled in securing as big an apple as possible."

"And did you ever bite the apple, Mr. Lloyd?" I asked.

"No," he replied, merrily; "my mouth was not large enough! I must not forget Dr. Wordsworth, who was a canon in my time at the Cathedral. My great recollection of him is that, when he was in office as canon, he used to preach for an hour, and sometimes longer. It was the privilege of a senior boy to repair to his house in the cloisters, and, together with his companion choristers, to stand round a table and be catechized for one hour after the service. In those early days, I fear that I did not appreciate this privilege!

"I sang at the wedding of the Princess Royal, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. I sat in the gallery, and in my memory can almost hear now Mr. Harper, the great trumpeter, 'heralding' the wedding party. I met many choir boys who have since become famous. In those early days Sir John Stainer was then a senior boy at St. Paul's, and we frequently met at the rooms of the old Madrigal Society, in Lyle Street—let to them by the Royal Society of Musicians—where, for our singing, we were rewarded with a glass of port, a buttered biscuit, and two shillings. The two shillings were invariably spent before I got home. I also met Sir Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier at cricket. The boys of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's and Westminster frequently tried their powers with the bat and ball against one another; Sullivan was my elder. Cellier was always the life and soul of the game of cricket: a thorough good fellow, although he did bowl me out once.

"Still, I am happy to place on record the important historical fact that the Westminster boys invariably won."

Although Mr. Lloyd's voice may be said to have never really broken, at fifteen years of age he left the Abbey and went to a school in Southwark, where, after remaining for twelve months, he went to his mother's, at Cheltenham. He had said good-bye to the choristers' stalls at Westminster, well educated in the music of the great Church writers. He was on enviably familiar terms with such old masters as Gibbons, Blow, Boyce, and Purcell, a foundation for all that was to follow after. At his mother's suggestion he learnt the violin, and she, who herself had studied the piano under Mrs. Anderson, the music-mistress of the Queen, gave him lessons in pianoforte playing. However, although the young lad took kindly to the bow, he couldn't settle down to the piano. He remained in Cheltenham until twenty, when he returned to London to his aunt's.

From a] MR. LLOYD'S FATHER. [Painting.

"I sang at a church at Belsize Park," said Mr. Lloyd, "and received thirty pounds a year. I did the solo singing, and was regarded as a light tenor, never thinking for a moment that I should develop into anything particular. But I was always endeavouring to improve myself. When I was twenty-one, as luck would have it, my uncle, Dr. John Larkin Hopkins, organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, came on a visit to my aunt, and my mother, who was also up from Cheltenham on a little holiday, asked my uncle if he would hear me sing. He did so. I sang"—and here Mr. Lloyd gave the opening lines of "You and I":—

'Tis years since we parted, you and I,
In the sweet summer time long ago.

"He was very delighted, and turned to me and said, 'We have an opening in the choir at Trinity College: will you come and fill the post until there is a trial for it?' I was in the seventh heaven; the position was worth £120 per year; it realized all my hopes. I went to Cambridge; the music I had to sing—I was a good reader—came like A, B, C to me. I seemed to please the Fellows. After I had been there three months they thought

there ought to be a trial for the post. There were then two tenor vacancies, as Mr. Kerr Gedge was leaving to fill an important position in London. How well I remember the morning of the trial. The trial was fixed for ten o'clock. However, I got up at four, as I was too excited to sleep, told the landlady to have a thick steak ready for me at eight, and went for a long walk. I shall never forget that four hours' stroll; I remembered that there were seven or eight other competitors. I felt terribly anxious and nervous, but by the time I got back again to my lodgings and settled down to my breakfast, I had determined to go in and win. I felt on that morning just the same as I do now when about to fulfil any engagement I may have on hand: anxious, fearfully anxious.

"At that trial I sang 'If with all your hearts,' from 'Elijah,' and read some music given to us, and came out first.

"At Cambridge I met the lady who afterwards became my wife. It was at the opera. 'Faust' was the work, with Blanche Cole as *Marguerite*. Her future husband, Sydney Naylor, conducted, and, by-the-bye, he was a Temple boy with me. We were almost engaged from that night, and I should like to say that, although Mrs. Lloyd is not a musician, from that day to this she has influenced my life. It was her wish that I should not sing in opera. And I have never regretted not doing so. Indeed, I have only made one appearance in costume in my life—it was at a private house at Hampstead. Here is a portrait of myself in the character. My part necessitated me carrying on certain papers, which in my excitement I left outside. I was asked for them; I felt in my pocket; pocket was empty. 'Dear me!' I said, 'I must have dropped them on the stairs as I came up'; so I made my exit and brought them back."

Still, Mr. Lloyd's dramatic instincts must have been of a very high order—for the late Carl Rosa, who chanced to be present, immediately offered him an engagement. Later on Carl Rosa tried his utmost to induce him to sing in "Tannhauser," when the impresario was producing this work at Her Majesty's Theatre, saying at the same time, "I vill gif you a blank cheque to fill up!" This offer was again refused, and Rosa always would have it that the great tenor had missed his chance of going on the stage!

Mr. Lloyd remained twelve months at Cambridge, when he joined the choir at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, Mr. Barnby (now Sir Joseph Barnby) being the choir-master and organist, and was shortly after appointed "A gentleman at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's."

MR. LLOYD'S MOTHER.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

"That," said Mr Lloyd, "was really the beginning of my career. I was then engaged for the Gloucester Festival, to sing in Bach's 'Passion Music.' It was my first important engagement and my first big audience. There were 2,000 people present. It did me a lot of good. I was very nervous, and my nervousness gave birth to *feeling*. A cold singer is no good! Dr. Wesley conducted this festival. There are many capital stories told about him. He was a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, very forgetful at times, and a most enthusiastic fisherman. He was once out with his rod and line fishing in a piece of water, when a keeper approached him and told him it was private.

"'Oh, is it?' he said. 'My name's Wesley.'

"'I don't care,' said the keeper, 'what your name is; you can't fish here without an order.'

"'All right,' said Wesley; 'you take in my name to your master and I'll follow you.'

"The keeper consented: his employer expressed his regret at the occurrence, and said he would be charmed if the doctor remained to lunch, and they sat down together. After lunch the host turned to the

doctor and said he would be very delighted if he would play a selection on the organ. A very fine instrument was in the hall, and the doctor, nothing loth, sat down and played for half an hour. The music over, Wesley returned to his fishing, fished to sundown, and then went home. The next day the owner of the organ and the lake was surprised to receive a letter from Wesley asking for ten guineas for his services on the organ. Wesley was even more surprised when he had in reply a letter as follows: 'My charge for a day's fishing is twenty guineas, so if you will kindly forward ten guineas, that will make us quits.'

MR. LLOYD'S ONLY APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.

"On another occasion Wesley was conducting an overture, and was so wrapped up in his thoughts of fishing that he kept on beating time after the overture was finished. One of the principal violins whispered to him that they had done.

"'Impossible!' rejoined Wesley. 'I've got twelve bars more.'

"One can only conclude from this that during the twelve bars the worthy doctor had held his bâton still in the act of catching a fish, and when he rose it again to continue beating time he was landing it."

From the time Mr. Lloyd appeared at the Gloucester Festival the active part of his career may be said to have commenced. He has been engaged in all the principal festivals from that time, and created the tenor parts in all the most important modern works: "The Martyr of Antioch," by Sullivan; Parry's "Judith"; Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon" and "The Dream of Jubal"; Cowen's "Rose Maiden" and "The Water Lily"; Stanford's "Maeldune," and Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and amongst foreign, Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" and Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride." He created the tenor part in Gounod's "Redemption" at Birmingham Festival, and at the following festival the tenor in the same composer's "Mors et Vita." At Gounod's request he was invited—an invitation he accepted—to sing in Gounod's latter work at Brussels and Paris under his direction.

At Brussels Mr. Lloyd was presented to the Queen of the Belgians.

His work at all the principal concerts is well known, and ever since the first night he sang in oratorio at the Albert Hall, under Sir Joseph Barnby, he has always been a permanent member of the artists engaged by Sir Joseph, whom, together with Sir Charles Hallé, Mr. Lloyd regards as having done as much for music as any two artists in England. He has been to America on no fewer than four occasions; the first of which was at the Cincinnati Festival, for which he received £1,350 for five performances in that city. Once every year the State Concerts at Buckingham Palace claim him.

I asked Mr. Lloyd if he considered that oratorios still held their place in the esteem of the public against the lighter and less pretentious musical themes which have of late been so prominent.

He replied: "Oratorios still hold their old power over the public; such standard works as the 'Messiah,' the 'Stabat Mater,' 'Elijah,' and the 'Hymn of Praise' can never die: they are the support and the backbone of the festivals. Such works are so great and so magnificent that they are as fresh to the people to-day, though the hearers may have heard them fifty times, as they will be to the next generation. They are the true heirlooms of all music lovers.

"Go out into the 'West.' In Chicago, where we sang the 'Messiah' twice, there were over 5,000 people at each performance; but if you want to really understand how these glorious works are loved and revered, go into the Black Country, on the occasion of a big musical gathering, and watch the masses come in with their music scores under their arms. I have seen the galleries crowded with miners, who drink in every

note, and applaud in the right places, too. These great works are the property of the people: they come to them, and regard the listening to them as a devotional duty."

It is very well known that Mr. Lloyd has never disappointed the public except through severe illness; he has been in three railway accidents, but such severe upsets as these have never deterred him from proceeding in the even tenor of his ways. He positively snaps his fingers at fogs, and has sung in a hall when the place has been full of this speciality of our particular climate which is so distressing to folk in general and vocalists in particular.

The only occasion on which a fog was a real annoyance was one night when, on leaving the Albert Hall after a Patti concert, the fog was so thick that in thin shoes and a dress suit he had to take a lamp from his carriage, and whilst his coachman led the horse, he had to light the way. Mr. Lloyd fortunately possessed a good bump of locality; still he did not reach Tulse Hill till half-past one in the morning.

He has smoked from an early age, and has never found it affect his voice; still he would not advise young singers to take a pattern from Mario, who he has been given to understand has smoked as many as thirty cigars a day. He is inundated with songs, and it may be a consolation to budding composers to know that the thoughtful tenor always returns unaccepted scores when stamps are inclosed. He admits to one personal mishap with his music when singing Blumenthal's beautiful melody, "The Message." It was an old copy, and a page having become detached, was economically sewn in. Unfortunately, it was not discovered until Mr. Lloyd was in the midst of the song that the sheet had been sewn in upside down.

Mr. Lloyd is famed for his punctuality at all his engagements. "And for a very good reason, too," he said, when I reminded him of this. "It was during my first tour with Mme. Liebhart, and Christian, the bass, suffered with me. We had travelled from Dublin all day, and arrived at our destination where we were to sing in the evening. Feeling very tired, I lay down after dinner for a rest before the concert; Christian did the same. We both fell fast asleep. We were to open the concert at eight o'clock in the duet "Love and War." At five minutes past eight, a man came rushing in to say the audience were waiting for our duet. We flew to the hall, and had to go on a quarter of an hour late. I could scarcely breathe and could barely get through my share in the duet. But it was a quarter of an hour with a moral—ever since then I have always been present a quarter of an hour before going on."

So the day passed happily at Hassendean, and the time came to say good-night. As I was leaving, Mr. Lloyd put his hand on young Ramon's head and said, good-naturedly, "Now, would you like to see something of what I used to do when I was about his age, and was rewarded with anything from buttered biscuits to a guinea?"

I need hardly say I assured him I should be delighted.

"Then meet me next Saturday at five-thirty at St. James's Hall, when we will have dinner at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club and listen to some of their glees."

Saturday came, and we met again at the Round, Catch, and Cannon Club—the oldest glee club in the country, being now more than eighty years old. Dinner over—in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Lloyd and myself sat Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. W. Horsley, R.A., Signor Randegger, Mr. N. Vert, and Dr. Scott, Mr. Lloyd's medical man—books of glees were brought round and we sat and listened to the sweetest of themes, most admirably rendered. No one is more attentive than Edward Lloyd—no one more hearty in his approval.

"'Tis Morn" is the first glee, and Mr. Lloyd reminds me he has sung it many a time. A selection of T. Cooke's follows, and we listen to the stirring—

> Strike, strike the lyre! Let music tell
> The blessings spring shall scatter round.
> Fragrance shall float along the gale,
> And opening flow'rets paint the ground.

How pure and sweet sounds "By Celia's Arbour." Not a note is lost by those whose happiness it is to listen—

> Tell her they are not drops of night,
> But tears of sorrow shed by me;

and whilst it is being sung I cannot help noticing a white-headed gentleman opposite me who rests his head on one hand, so that his face can barely be seen, and bends over the glee-book, and never moves except once, to look up in reverent thought. It is W. Horsley, the Royal Academician. Yet another is sung—an ode for five voices. The painter still keeps his head bowed. I looked at the open book before me and read: "Composed by W. Horsley, 19th February, 1776."

Then Mr. Horsley tells us how well he remembers his father writing "By Celia's Arbour."

"I remember how Mendelssohn used to come," he said, "and sit for hours in the summer evenings in the house where I have lived for the last seventy years. He said that my father's compositions were the most perfect of their kind he had ever heard. He took some copies of 'Celia's Arbour' home with him, and soon after wrote to my father to say that he had heard the glee sung amongst the villagers by *forty voices!*"

Then Mr. Lloyd joins in:—

"I once heard your father's glee, 'By Celia's Arbour,' sung by a few of the Leeds Chorus, in Worcester, during the Festival. They had gathered together in the bar of the hotel where I was staying. I had gone to bed and was awakened out of my sleep, and I thought I had never heard it sung to such perfection, the voices were so well balanced.

"There, there you are," said Mr. Lloyd, "that's what I mean. I was something like that in the buttered biscuit days, and when I sang at the Princess Royal's wedding."

A bright-faced little lad had stepped up to join the elder members in a glee for five voices. He wore an Eton suit. The piece selected was a sonnet by Lord Mornington:—

O, Bird of Eve! whose love-sick notes,
I hear across the dale,
Who nightly to the moon and me
Dost tell thy hapless tale!

The lad's voice was as true as the trill of the bird of which he sang, and this time it was the great tenor who sat and—thought, of those happy Westminster days, of those bewildering banquets at which he used to sing, of the glasses of port, the palatable biscuits, the useful two-shilling pieces. Perhaps he thought of more.

The lad sang again and again, until at twenty past nine o'clock, ten minutes before dispersing, the chairman gave out the number of the last glee, and Edward Lloyd shared my book as we listened to S. Webbe's beautiful music set to—

Rise, my joy, sweet mirth attend,
I'm resolved to be thy friend;
Sneaking Phœbus hides his head,
He's with Thetis gone to bed:
Tho' he will not on me shine,
Still there's brightness in the wine;
From Bacchus I'll such lustre borrow,
My face shall be a sun to-morrow!

HARRY HOW.

From a Photo. by] A FAMILY GROUP. *[Elliott & Fry.*

NOTE.—In the Illustrated Interview with Sir George Lewis in our December issue, page 655, the following paragraph occurs: "Sir George prosecuted in a number of bank failures the result of the Joint Stock Act of 1862. In addition to Overend and Gurney's, there were Barnett's Bank of Liverpool, the Unity Bank," etc., etc. The words "Barnett's Bank" should read "Barned's Bank." We much regret the mistake, which makes it seem that we referred to the well-known and old-established firm of Messrs. Barnett & Co., of South Castle Street, Liverpool.

From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

Miss Croker

Mrs W H Cook

Lady Helen Vincent

From a Photo. by W. Duffus, 26, Queen Street, Huddersfield.

From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

From a Photo. by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

From a Photo. by W. & A. H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton.

From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

From a Photo. by W. Bradnee, 46, Fleet Street, Torquay.

From a Photo. by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street.

XII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. G. AND MR. D.

THERE is a general impression from observation of Mr. Gladstone's manner in the House of Commons and its precincts that his head is kept so high in the empyrean of State affairs that he takes no note of men and things on a lower level. His ordinary habits in connection with persons on and off the Treasury Bench are certainly diametrically opposed to those of Lord Beaconsfield when he was still in the House of Commons. On the Treasury Bench Mr. Disraeli was wont to sit impassive, with arms folded and head bent forward, not without suspicion in the minds of those at a distance that he slept. Nearer observation would show that he was particularly wide awake. His eyes (with the exception of his hands, the last feature in his personal appearance to grow old) were ever alert and watchful, more particularly of right hon. gentlemen on the bench opposite. He rarely spoke to colleagues on either side of him, making an exception in favour of the late Lord Barrington. But it was only in dull times, in the dinner-hour or after, that he thus thawed. Even at such times he was rather a listener than a converser. Lord Barrington lived much in society and at the clubs. It was probably gossip from these quarters which he retailed for the edification of his chief, whose wrinkled face was often softened by a smile as Lord Barrington whispered in his ear.

Mr. Gladstone, on the Treasury Bench, is constantly in a state of irrepressible energy. He converses eagerly with the colleague sitting on his right or left, driving home with emphatic gestures his arguments or assertions. In quieter mood he makes a running commentary on the speech that is going forward, his observations, I have been told, being refreshingly pungent and often droll. His deep, rich voice carries far. Occasionally it crosses the table, and the right honourable gentleman on his legs at the moment is embarrassed or encouraged by what he cannot help overhearing.

A WARY JUDGE.

Occasionally the Premier seems to be asleep, but it is not safe to assume as a matter of course that, because his eyes are closed and his head resting on the back of the bench, he is lapped in slumber. There is an eminent judge on the Bench whose lapses into somnolency are part of the ordered proceedings of every case that comes before him. For many terms he baffled the observation of the smartest junior, as of the most keen-sighted leader. He had his sleep, but instead of awaking with a more or less guilty start, and ostentatiously perusing his notes as others used, he, when he woke, scrupulously preserved exactly the same position and attitude as when he truly slept. Closely following for a few moments the argument of the learned gentleman who had lulled him to sleep, he, softly opening his eyes, and not otherwise moving, interposed a remark pertinent to the argument. For a long time this device baffled the Bar. But it was discovered at last, and is to-day of no avail.

"ASLEEP OR AWAKE?"

Mr. Gladstone has no occasion for the exercise of this ingenuity. He may, without reproach, snatch his forty winks when he will, none daring to make him afraid. He admits that, "at my time of life," he finds a long and prosy speech irresistible, often enriching him between questions and

"FORTY WINKS."

the dinner-hour with the dower of a quiet nap.

IN THE DIVISION LOBBY.

This contrast of demeanour on the Treasury Bench as between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone was equally marked in the division lobby. The passage through the division lobby, which sometimes occupies a quarter of an hour, is for Mr. Gladstone an opportunity for continuing his work.

It was one of the most dramatic incidents on the historic night in June, 1885, when his Ministry fell that, engaged in writing a letter when the House was cleared for the particular division, he carried his letter-pad with him, sat down at a table in one of the recesses of the lobby, and went on writing as, at another tragic time of waiting, Madame Defarge went on knitting. It was his letter to the Queen recording the incidents of the night. Returning to the Treasury Bench, Mr. Gladstone, still Premier, placed the pad on his knee and quietly continued the writing, looking up with a glance of interested inquiry when the shout of exultation, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, following on the announcement of the figures, told him that he might incidentally mention to Her Majesty that the Government had been defeated by a majority of twelve.

"SEEING NOBODY."

A LOST VOTE.

On the very few occasions when Mr. Gladstone visits the inner lobby on his way to and from the Whips' room, he strides through the groups of members with stiffened back and head erect, apparently seeing nobody. This is a habit, certainly not discourteously meant, which cost him a valuable friend, and made for the Liberal party one of its bitterest and most effective enemies. Twenty years ago there entered the House of Commons in the prime of life a man who early proved the potentiality of his becoming one of its brightest ornaments. A Radical by conviction, instinct, and habits dating from boyhood, he had raised in an important district the drooping flag of Liberalism, and amid the disaster that attended it at the General Election of 1874, had carried nearly every seat in his own county.

There were other reasons why he might have looked for warm welcome from the Liberal chief on entering the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone had a few years earlier, at another crisis in the fortunes of the party, been a guest at his father's house, and was indebted to him for substantial assistance in carrying the General Election of 1868. A singularly sensitive, retiring man, the new member felt disposed to shrink from the effusive reception that would naturally await him when he settled in London within the circuit of personal communication with Mr. Gladstone. He was in his place below the gangway on the Opposition side for weeks through the Session of 1874. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, was not then in constant attendance, but he not infrequently looked in, and was at least within morning-call distance of the new member. They met for the first time in the quiet corridor skirting the Library, and Mr. Gladstone, his head in the air, passed his young friend, son of an old friend, without sign of recognition.

It was, of course, a mere accident, an undesigned oversight, certainly not enough to shape a man's political career. I do not say that alone it did it, but I have personal knowledge of the fact that it rankled deeply, and was the beginning of the end that wrecked a great career and has cost the Liberal party dearly.

MR. DISRAELI AND DR. O'LEARY.

There is a well-known story of close upon this date which illustrates Mr. Disraeli's manner in analogous circumstances. In the Parliament of 1874 there was a gentleman named Dr. O'Leary—William Haggarty O'Leary, member for Drogheda. The Doctor was a very small man, with gestures many sizes too big for him, and a voice that on occasion could emulate the volume of Major O'Gorman's. He was fierce withal, as one of his colleagues will remember. One night in the Session of 1875, when the Coercion Bill was under discussion, Dr. O'Leary was put up to move the adjournment. In those halcyon days it was possible for a member to recommend such a motion in a speech of any length to which he felt equal. Dr. O'Leary was proceeding apace when, his eye alighting on the immobile face of the noble lord who was then Mr. Dodson, he alluded to him as "the right hon. gentleman the Financial Secretary to the Treasury." A compatriot touched Dr. O'Leary's arm and reminded him that Mr. Dodson was no longer in office. "The *late* right hon. gentleman, then," retorted Dr. O'Leary, turning a blazing countenance on his interrupter.

It was pending the division on the third reading of the Empress of India Bill that Mr. Disraeli won over this irate Irishman. The Premier was anxious to have the third reading carried by a rattling majority, and spared no pains to gain doubtful votes. One night in a division on another Bill he came upon Dr. O'Leary in the Ministerial lobby, a place the then budding Parnellite party fitfully resorted to. Dizzy walked a few paces behind the member for Drogheda. Quickening his pace, he laid a hand on his shoulder and said: "My dear Doctor, you gave me quite a start. When I saw you I thought for a moment it was my old friend Tom Moore."

From that day the delighted Doctor's vote was unreservedly at the disposal of his eminent and discriminating friend.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Mr. Disraeli, while Leader of the House of Commons, turned the necessary idle moments of the division lobby to better account than finishing up his correspondence. In the winter months he used to station himself at a fire in one of the recesses, standing with coat-tails uplifted, in an attitude which showed that, though of Oriental lineage, he had a British substratum. As the throng of members trooped towards the wicket, Dizzy, keenly watching them, would signal one out and genially converse with him for a few moments. Those thus favoured were generally members who had recently made a speech, and were gratified for the rest of their lives by a timely compliment. Others—those in the Conservative ranks much rarer—were men reported by the Whips to be showing a tendency towards restiveness, whom a few genial words brought back to the fold.

"BEFORE THE FIRE."

MR. GLADSTONE'S HAT AND STICK.

In a recent number, talking of hat customs in the House of Commons, I observed that there are not many members of the present Parliament who have seen Mr. Gladstone seated on either Front Bench with his hat on. An exception was mentioned with respect to the Session of 1875, when, having retired from the leadership and looking in occasionally to see how things were getting on under Lord Hartington, he was accustomed to sit at the remote end of the Treasury Bench wearing his hat and carrying stick and gloves.

An esteemed correspondent, whose knowledge of Parliament is extensive and peculiar, writes: "There was a time when Mr. Gladstone most ostentatiously and designedly wore his hat after the year you mention. It was when, during the Bradlaugh scenes, he left the leadership, with the responsibility of persecuting Bradlaugh, to Stafford Northcote. He brought stick and hat into the House, and put the latter on during Northcote's proceedings, as much as to say, 'Well, as you have the House with you, carry your tyrannical procedure through yourself. I am not in it.' I think all this must be in your Parliament books."

I do not think it is; but I remember the episode very well, and the embarrassment into which the unexpected attitude plunged good Sir Stafford Northcote. The situation was remarkable, and, I believe, unparalleled. Mr. Gladstone had just been returned to power by a majority that exceeded a hundred.

The Conservative forces were shattered. Even with a Liberal majority, which at its birth always contains within itself the seeds of disintegration, it appeared probable that at least the first Session of the new Parliament would run its course before revolt manifested itself. It turned out otherwise. A resolution, moved by Mr. Labouchere, and supported from the Treasury Bench, giving Mr. Bradlaugh permission to make affirmation and so take his seat, was thrown out by a majority of 275 against 230.

It was after this Mr. Gladstone temporarily abrogated his position as Leader of the House, bringing in hat and stick in token thereof. When, on the next day, Mr. Bradlaugh presented himself, made straight for the table, and was subsequently heard at the bar, the Premier came in, not only with hat and stick in hand, but wearing his gloves. All eyes were turned upon him, when Mr. Bradlaugh, having finished his speech, withdrew at the Speaker's bidding. But he did not move, and then and thereafter, during the Session, Sir Stafford Northcote took the lead in whatever proceedings ensued on the lively action of Mr. Bradlaugh.

"WITH HAT AND STICK."

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

What Sir Stafford thought of the duty thrust upon him by the action of keener spirits below the gangway was suspected at the time. Years afterwards, disclosure was made in a letter written by his second son, Sir Stafford Northcote, and published by the *Daily News* in December last. When in 1886 the Conservatives returned to power, Mr. Bradlaugh, who had been furiously fought all through the life of the former Parliament, was permitted quietly to take his seat. Later, a motion was made by Dr. Hunter to expunge from the journals of the House the resolution declaring him incompetent to sit. This was an awkward position for a Government which included within its ranks men who had been most active in resistance to Mr. Bradlaugh's attempts to take his seat. After the debate had gone forward for an hour or two, the present Sir Stafford Northcote rose from the bench immediately behind Ministers, and urged that with slight amendment the resolution should be accepted.

I remember well the scene, above all the startled manner in which Mr. W. H. Smith, then Leader of the House, turned round to regard this interposition from so unexpected a quarter. The House instinctively felt that it settled the matter. If a member habitually so unobtrusive as Sir Stafford Northcote felt compelled to interpose and support an amendment, which, however regarded, was a vote of censure on the conduct of the Conservative party through the Parliament of 1880, feeling in the Conservative ranks must be strong indeed. A Government who showed a disinclination to accept the resolution would find themselves in a tight place if they persisted. What course would Mr. W. H. Smith take?

Looking at his honest, ingenuous face, it was easy to read his thoughts. Startled at first by the appearance on the scene of the member for Exeter, he sat with head half turned watching and listening intently. Gradually conviction dawned upon him. It was Sir Stafford Northcote's revered father who had officially led the opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh. Now, whilst the son spoke, there seemed to come a voice from the grave pleading that enough had been done to vindicate Christianity and Constitutionalism, urging that the House of Commons would do well to perform a gracious and generous act and sooth Mr. Bradlaugh's last moments (he was that very night lying on his death-bed) with news that the obnoxious resolution had been erased. All this was glowingly written on Mr. Smith's face as Sir Stafford Northcote spoke, and when he followed everyone was prepared for the statement of acquiescence made on these lines. There was nothing more to be said, and without a division it was agreed to strike out the resolution from the journals of the House.

THE ARTFULNESS OF OLD MORALITY.

Sir Stafford Northcote's letter, dated from the House of Commons, 13th November, 1893, throws a flood of light on this historic episode and, incidentally, upon the methods of management of the

homely, innocent-looking gentleman who led the House of Commons from 1886 to his lamented death in the autumn of 1891. "Shortly after the debate on Dr. Hunter's motion began," Sir Stafford writes, "Mr. Smith asked me to come into his private room, and asked me what I thought of the motion. I replied that I did not see how the Government could accept it as it stood, as it conveyed a censure on the Conservative party for their action in the past; but that if this part of the motion were dropped, I thought that the rest of the resolution might be agreed to. I added that I would willingly make such an appeal to Mr. Smith publicly in the House. Mr. Smith quite approved my suggestion. I made the appeal from my place in the House, and Dr. Hunter consented to amend his motion."

Whence it will appear that the whole scene which entirely took in a trusting House of Commons was what in another walk of industry is called a put-up job.

On the late Lord Iddesleigh's feelings during the Bradlaugh campaign, his son's letter sheds a gentle light. "My suggestion to Mr. Smith," Sir Stafford writes, "was

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

partly based on the recollection that my father had often said to me that, while he had had no hesitation in discharging what he believed to be his duty in the various painful scenes with which Mr. Bradlaugh's name is associated, he had always felt much pain at having to take a course personally painful to a fellow-member of the House."

THE BIRTH OF THE FOURTH PARTY.

It is a mistake deeply rooted in the public mind that it was Lord Randolph Churchill who gave the first impulse to the creation of the Fourth Party. This is an error due to his fascinating personality, and the prominent part he later took in directing what for its size and voting power is the most remarkable engine known in Parliamentary warfare. The real creator of the Fourth Party was Sir Henry Wolff, now Her

SIR HENRY WOLFF.

Majesty's Minister at the Court of Madrid. It was he who first saw the opportunity presented by the return of Mr. Bradlaugh for Northampton of harassing the apparently impregnable Government. It so happened that Lord Randolph Churchill was not present in the House at the time the first movement commenced.

In later stages of the struggle Mr. Bradlaugh, so far from showing indisposition to take the oath, insisted upon his right to do so, and even administered it to himself. There was nothing in the world to prevent his falling in with the throng that took the oath on the opening of the new Parliament on the 30th of April, 1880. Had he done so and quietly taken his seat, the course of events in that Parliament would have been greatly altered. But Mr. Bradlaugh was not disposed to miss his opportunity, and having allowed two or three days to elapse, during which prominence was given to his position and curiosity aroused as to his intention, he presented himself at the table and claimed the right to make affirmation.

Even then, had Mr. Gladstone been in his

place on the Treasury Bench, the danger might have been averted. But the Premier and his principal colleagues were at the time, pending re-election on acceptance of office, not members of the House. Lord Frederick Cavendish, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and all unconscious of the tragedy that would close his blameless life, moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances. The attitude of the Conservative party at this moment was shown by the fact that Sir Stafford Northcote seconded the motion. It was agreed to as a matter of course.

It was on the nomination of this Committee eight days later that there were indications of trouble ahead. Sir Henry Wolff moved the previous question, and took a division on it. Here again the feeling of official Conservatives was shown by gentlemen on the Front Bench, led by Sir Stafford Northcote, leaving the House without voting. On the 21st of May, Mr. Bradlaugh brought matters to a crisis by advancing to the table claiming to take the oath. It was now that Sir Henry Wolff brought things to a crisis. Having strategically placed himself at the corner seat below the gangway, he threw himself bodily across Mr. Bradlaugh's passage towards the table, crying "I object!" This objection he sustained in an animated speech, concluding by moving a resolution that Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath. It was in support of this resolution that Lord Randolph Churchill appeared upon the scene, interposing in the adjourned debate.

He was not present during any earlier movement on the part of Sir Henry Wolff. But his keen eye saw the opening to which Sir Stafford Northcote was yet persistently blind. He joined hands with Sir Henry Wolff. To them entered a gentleman then known as Mr. Gorst, and much later Mr. Arthur Balfour. Thus was formed and welded a personal and political association which has given an Ambassador to Madrid, has bestowed upon the astonished Conservative party two leaders in succession, and has endowed Mr. Gorst, in some respect not exceeded in ability by any of his colleagues, with a modest knighthood and soothing recollections of a too brief colleagueship with Lord Cross at the India Office.

MR. GORST.

NEW MEN AND OLD PLACES.

Mr. Gladstone has been singularly fortunate in the selection of new blood for his Ministry. Mr. Disraeli, by some happy hits—not the least effective the bringing of Mr. W. H. Smith within the ring fence of

SIR EDWARD GREY.

office—justly earned a high reputation for insight to character. Till this Parliament, one never heard of "Mr. Gladstone's young men," the innate conservatism of his mind and character leading him to repose on level heights represented by personages like Lord Ripon and Lord Kimberley. Growing more audacious with the advance of years, Mr. Gladstone introduced new men to his last Ministry with success distinctly marked in each particular instance. Mr. Asquith, as Home Secretary; Mr. Acland, as Vice-President of the Council; Mr. Herbert Gardner, as Minister for Agriculture; Sir Edward Grey, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office; Mr. Sydney Buxton, in a corresponding position at the Colonial Office; Mr. Burt, at the Board of Trade; Sir Walter Foster, at the Local Government Board, were all new to office when they received their appointments, and each has satisfied the expectation of the most critical Assembly in the world.

The Junior Lords of the Treasury who act

as Whips were also new to office, whilst Mr. Marjoribanks, though he had gone through a Parliament as Junior Whip, for the first time found in his hands the direction of one of the most important posts in a Ministry based upon a Parliamentary majority. The remarkable and unvaried success of the Liberal Whips—the team comprising Mr. Thomas Ellis, Mr. Causton, and Mr. McArthur—was recognised in these pages very early in the Session, and has since become a truism of political comment.

Mr. Seale-Hayne is another Minister new to the work who realizes for his chief the comfort of a department that has no annals. The office of Paymaster-General is not quite what it was in the days of Charles James Fox. A certain mystery broods over its functions and its ramifications. Mr. Seale-Hayne is, personally, of so retiring a disposition that he is apt to efface both his office and himself. But the fact remains that affairs in the office of the Paymaster-General have not cost Mr. Seale-Hayne's illustrious chief a single hour's rest. No Irish member, shut off by the Home Rule compact from foraging in familiar fields, has

MR. SEALE-HAYNE.

been tempted to put to the Paymaster-General an embarrassing question relating to the affairs of his office. Mr. Hanbury has left him undisturbed, and Cap'en Tommy Bowles has given him a clear berth. Whom Mr. Seale-Hayne pays, or where he gets the money from to meet his engagements, are mysteries locked in the bosom of the Master. It suffices for the country to know that Mr. Seale-Hayne is an ideal Paymaster-General.

MR. ASQUITH.

Whilst all the new Ministers have been successes, the Home Secretary, by reason of the importance of his office and force of character, has done supremely well. This must be

MR. ASQUITH.

peculiarly grateful to Mr. Gladstone, since the member for Fife was his own especial find. That when a Liberal Ministry was formed some office would be allotted to Mr. Asquith was a conclusion commonly come to by those familiar with his career in the last Parliament. But I will undertake to say that his appointment at a single bound to the Home Secretaryship, with a seat in the Cabinet, was a surprise to everyone, not excepting Mr. Asquith, who is accustomed to form a very just estimation of his own capacity. The Solicitor-Generalship appeared to most people who gave thought to the subject the natural start on his official career of a young lawyer who had shown the aptitude for Parliamentary life displayed by Mr. Asquith. Mr. Gladstone knew better, and his prescience has been abundantly confirmed.

Next to the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, that of Home Secretary is by far the most difficult successfully to fill. Proof of this will appear upon review of the measure of success obtained by incumbents of the office since the time of Mr. Walpole. The reason for the pre-eminence and predicament is not far to seek. The Colonial Secretary has distant communities to deal with, and so has the Secretary of State for India. The Minister for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty each has his labour and responsibility confined within clearly marked limits. So it is with the

Postmaster-General, the First Commissioner of Works, and, in less degree, with the President of the Board of Trade and the President of the Local Government Board. The Home Secretary has all England for his domain, with occasional erratic excursions into Scotland.

There is hardly any point of the daily life of an Englishman which is not linked with the Home Office, and does not open some conduit of complaint. Before he had been twelve months in office Mr. Asquith was hung in effigy in Trafalgar Square. That, it is true, was a momentary exuberance on the part of the Anarchists. The incident leaves unchallenged the assertion that there has been no serious or well-sustained protest against Mr. Asquith's administration at the Home Office since he succeeded Mr. Matthews. Comparisons are undesirable. But the mere mention of the name of Mr. Asquith's predecessor reminds us that the case was not always thus.

In his Parliamentary career Mr. Asquith's success has been equally unchequered. It was a common saying among people indisposed to hamper novices by unwieldy weight of encouragement, that when Mr. Asquith was placed in a position where he would have to bear the brunt of debate, he would certainly break down. This cheerful prognostication was based upon the assertion that the speeches that had established his fame in the House of Commons were carefully prepared, written out, and, if not learned off by rote, the speaker was sustained in their delivery by the assistance of copious notes. This assertion was so confidently made, and appeared to be so far supported by a certain precision of epigram in the young member's Parliamentary style, that the theory obtained wide acceptance.

PROFESSOR BRYCE.

Everyone now admits that the Home Secretary, occasionally drawn into debate for which he has had no opportunity for preparation at his desk, has spoken much more effectively than Mr. Asquith was wont to do. He has the great gifts of simplicity of style, lucidity of arrangement, and a fearless way of selecting a word that conveys his meaning, even though it may sound a little harsh. To this is added a determined, not to say belligerent, manner, which implies that he is not in any circumstances to be drawn a hair's-breadth beyond the line which duty, conscience, and conviction have laid down for him, and that if anyone tries to force him aside he will probably get hurt. This is an excellent foundation on which a Home Secretary may stand to combat all the influences of passion and prejudice that are daily and hourly brought to bear upon him.

Of its general effect a striking and amusing illustration was forthcoming in the closing days of the winter Session. During Mr. Morley's temporary withdrawal on account of illness, Mr. Asquith undertook to take his place at question time in the House of Commons. For a night or two he read the answers to questions put by Irish members, and then, Mr. Morley's absence promising to be more protracted than was at first thought probable, the Chancellor of the Duchy, a Minister with fuller leisure, relieved the Home Secretary of the task. Thereupon a story was put abroad that Mr. Asquith had been superseded upon the demand of the Irish members, who had privily conveyed to Mr. Gladstone a peremptory intimation that they could not stand the kind of answers Mr. Asquith chucked at them across the floor of the House. It was added that the appearance on the scene of Mr. Bryce averted an awkward crisis, the Irish members making haste to declare their perfect satisfaction with his replies, and their rejoicing at deliverance from Mr. Asquith's hectoring.

Then it turned out that the answers given through the course of the week in question had been neither Mr. Asquith's nor Mr. Bryce's. Each one had been written out by Mr. John Morley. Only, on two nights Mr. Asquith had read the manuscript, and on two others the task had been discharged by Mr. Bryce. Thus do manners make the man.

Singing Bob.

By Alice Maud Meadows.

SINGING BOB and Lily Steve had been friends since first they came into the camp, both having made their entrance upon the same day, and having grown intimate over a glass of something hot. Perhaps the total difference in the appearance and in the nature of the two men drew them together; anyway, they were seldom apart. They worked upon the same claim, shared in everything, and spent their leisure in taking long stretches over the surrounding country.

Singing Bob was a big, burly, handsome man. The sun had tanned his skin to the colour of the red earth, from out the setting of which a pair of eyes, blue as the summer sky, and heavily fringed with long, misty black lashes, laughed continually. He was careless in his dress, as diggers as a rule are; but for all that nothing ever seemed to hang ungracefully upon his magnificent limbs. His blue shirt, as a rule, was stained with earth, and torn with pushing through the undergrowth in the pine woods. His long, brown wavy hair was pushed back from his broad brow, and fell almost upon his shoulders.

He had earned his name through his voice: he sang like an angel, clear as a bell, flexibly as a lark; he could trill and shake in a way which would have made many an educated singer envious. He could have made his fortune as a concert singer, but perhaps he had sufficient reasons for avoiding civilized parts: most probably he had. However that might be, he came to the diggings, and gave his fellow gold-seekers the benefit of his musical talent.

Taken all through he was a rough sort of fellow, with off-hand manners, and a loud voice. When he laughed one feared for the upper half of his head: he opened his mouth so wide it seemed as though it must come off, and showed a double row of teeth which would have made a dentist despair. He was a popular man in the camp, because he was perfectly fearless and perfectly good tempered.

Lily Steve was a very different man. He was small in stature, below the medium height, and with all that conceit and self-esteem which is so usual with very little men. His face was pretty. The sun seemingly had no power to tan his pink and white skin. His hair was golden, as were his short beard, whiskers, and moustache. His clothes were always spotless, even after a hard day's work in the gulch. Apparently the earth had no power to soil him.

It was to this general spotlessness that he owed his name, "Lily Steve." Diggers are quick to notice, and name a man from any little peculiarity he may possess; and in a diggers' camp cleanliness is a decided peculiarity. They tried to laugh him out of it at first, but as Singing Bob said, "It was a matter of taste. Lily Steve was doubtless fond of washing; p'r'aps—who could tell?—it reminded him of something in the past. Some men like as not got drunk to bring their fathers and mothers back to their memory and the days of their youth generally; for his part, he thought it was a good plan to let folks run their own affairs. There were more objectionable things than cleanliness. He liked the smell of the earth about his things; upon his own shoulders a perfectly spotless shirt had a lazy, uncomfortable, all-over-alike sort of appearance, which wearied his eyes; but upon Lily Steve it was different. To have one perfectly clean man in the camp conferred a distinction upon it, which, no doubt, would make other camps envious. Like as not, they'd be for copying it, but it would not be the real thing—only a base imitation; they'd have the comfort of knowing that."

So Lily Steve was simply nick-named and left in peace. He had a bold champion, who towered head and shoulders above the rest of the men in the camp, and whose aim was sure—that may have had something to do with it.

"Hunter's Pocket," as the settlement was called, was in a fairly flourishing condition; not so flourishing as to bring hundreds flocking to it, but with a reputation which daily increased its population. There was one long street, with two branches which struck off crosswise, a rough chapel, a store, and lastly an hotel.

Paradise Hotel scarcely deserved its name. True, there was plenty of light in it, and plenty of spirits, but neither was celestial; one thing alone justified its ambitious misnomer—the presence of a goddess.

Mariposas was a beauty, there was not the slightest doubt about that: tall and slim as a young pine tree, lissom as a willow, graceful and agile as a wild deer, her eyes large and dark, her skin softly ruddy as a peach which the sun has kissed passionately, her lips full and red, the upper one short and slightly lifted, showing even when she was not laughing a faint gleam of her white teeth; the under one cleft in the centre like a cherry, her nose short and straight, her chin gently rounded, her little head set firmly and proudly upon her white throat, her burnished brown hair falling in wavy masses to her knees, and caught in at the nape of her neck with a ribbon—such was Mariposas, the Goddess of the Paradise Hotel, the darling and pride of Hunter's Pocket.

Who was her father and who was her mother no one appeared to know. Some said that, so far as paternity was concerned, she was indebted to one, Jim, who had been found dead in the bush, shot through the heart, some seventeen years previously, with the infant clasped in his arms; but as for the mother—about her everyone was perfectly ignorant.

However, the child was adopted by the camp, fed and clothed from a general fund, and in time installed as presiding Goddess of the Paradise Hotel. Here she dispensed drinks to the thirsty, refused them to the inebriated, sang snatches of songs to the company, and even, when in a specially gracious mood, danced to them.

"MARIPOSAS."

Singing Bob and Lily Steve were at work on their claim; there was silence between them only broken by the sharp sound of the picks as they came in contact with the quartz, and the chattering of a jay-bird which had settled upon a mound of the red earth, and was watching operations with his head cocked knowingly upon one side.

It was a curious sort of silence, one that they both apparently noticed, for now and again they would glance at each other, then without speaking go on with their work again. It was not that they had not time for talk, for the picks were lifted but laggingly, and often rested upon the ground while they took a survey of the surrounding country.

Seemingly both found more beauty to the right, where the settlement lay, than to the left, where the pine-crowned hills lifted themselves up high towards the blue sky. Perhaps the scorching sun which blazed down upon them that hot January afternoon made their thoughts turn longingly towards the Paradise Hotel, and the cool drinks which were being dispensed there. Singing Bob put down his pick, lifted his arms high above his head, leaned slightly backward, and stretched himself; then stooping picked up a bit of quartz and looked at it thoughtfully, passing

his shirt sleeve across it once or twice. The sun shone down upon it, making the iron pyrites glitter and the gold crystals sparkle. He tossed it from one hand to the other, then let it fall.

"Plenty of gold here, Steve," he said, slowly.

The other man started and turned—their eyes met; there was a curious, questioning, anxious look in both.

"Plenty," he answered.

"Enough to make a man rich in a couple of months if he worked honest," he continued.

"Yes," the other said, curtly.

"There's some as would give a good price for this claim," Bob continued, meditatively. "It's my 'pinion it's a pocket, and a deep one; if we was wanting to quit we'd be able to raise a tidy sum on it."

"Yes."

"But we ain't."

"No."

"And if one of us," Bob said, speaking still in an abstract sort of way, "had found the life distasteful, and wished to leave his partner—if he hated the dirt, and the hard labour, and had friends as he'd like to go home to—the other would be willing, like as not, to pay him a good round sum for his share of the claim; but," looking anxiously at his companion, "there ain't either of us feels like that?"

"No."

Bob heaved a sigh, took up his pick again, let it fall, then, seating himself upon a heap of earth, took up the fragments of quartz which sparkled with sprays of native gold, and crushed them into atoms with a hammer.

"Some men," he said, softly, glancing at Steve, and catching his eyes fixed upon him, "have a hankering after England when they've made something of a pile, and the sweetheart they left there—we didn't leave any sweetheart?"

"No."

Bob sighed again and went on:—

"And some want to see the old father and mother?"

"Yes—mine both died years ago."

"Just so," with attempted cheerfulness; "we're different, we're enough for each other."

No answer this time. Bob looked at the fair, pretty boyish face; it was pink all over, pink as an honest, genuine blush could make it; he turned away, and sighed again. The jay-bird on the earth-heap strutted up and down like a sentinel on guard, chattering noisily and screaming now and then; the wind blew from the pine woods, bringing the pungent smell with it; the evening was very warm. Steve let fall his pick, brushed a few earth specks from his shirt, washed his face and hands in an unconscious sort of way, then looked at his partner.

"I'm going to turn it up for to-day," he said.

"Ah!" Bob returned, slowly. "Well, I'll put in a bit more work, I think."

Steve lingered a moment as though he would have said more with a little encouragement, but Bob was so deeply engaged in his work that he felt a sort of delicacy in disturbing him, and turned away, walking slowly and thoughtfully, as though undecided about something. The jay-bird watched him go, then came nearer to Bob, pecked at his shirt sleeve, pulled at his red handkerchief, and took other liberties, keeping his sharp eyes on the handsome face and hammer alternatively. Bob glanced at him, smiled and sighed at one and the same time, then let his hands fall idly between his knees.

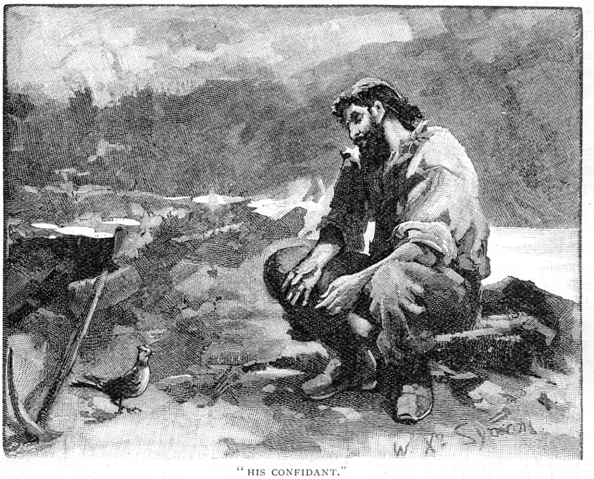
So he sat for some time, then looked round. He wanted to say something, and there was no one to say it to. *Thought* scarcely unburdens one's mind; *speech* is always a relief. He looked at the earth, the sky, the quartz, and finally at the bird. There was something so human about the little creature that he decided to make him his confidant.

"You see," he said, gravely, giving the bird his whole attention, "it's like this: me and Steve, we've been partners since we came to this here Hunter's Pocket. He being a bit weakly, and having habits which isn't usual in these parts, I've been obliged to stand up for him and fight his battles, so to speak, which, naturally, makes me a bit partial to him—being partners, you see, we've been used to share everything, luck and all. But there's sometimes a thing happens to a man when sharing can't be the order of the day; that time's when a man falls in love."

The bird shut his eyes for a moment, then turned them up and looked sentimental, as much as to say, "It's the same with us."

"You see," Bob went on, slowly, "Steve haven't said anything to me, and I haven't, so to speak, mentioned the fact to him: but there it is, we two partners have set our hearts on Mariposas, and the question is: Who'd make her the best husband?"

The bird grew restless; perhaps he thought that was a tame ending to a love story. Doubtless he had expected that Bob would at least wish to fight for the girl. He hopped away with one bright eye turned round to the digger, then changing his mind, perhaps



"HIS CONFIDANT."

feeling a bit curious, came back, and began pecking at the blue shirt again.

"Which'd make her the best husband?" Bob repeated. "Not," with a shake of his head, "that I can say she's given either of us 'casion to think that she'd take us into partnership; but if I thought that Steve would suit her better than me and make her happier, I'd cut my throat before I'd say a word as might disturb her."

The bird intimated by a low, guttural sound that this was a most laudable sentiment, then, perching himself upon the digger's leg, nestled up to him.

"Steve's clean, and Steve's a gentleman," Bob went on, stroking the bird softly with one finger. "He'd treat her like a lady always, speak gently to her, and not offend with any rough ways; but he's weakly, he couldn't protect her 'gainst rudeness or insult as I could; he couldn't love her as I could. Great God!" bringing one hand down heavily upon his knee while with the other he held the bird in a firm, gentle clasp, "how I'd love her if she'd have me!" His face flushed, his great breast heaved, the red blood crept up under his bronzed skin, his blue eyes grew tender, then he lifted his voice and sang:—

"Mariposas, Mariposas, idol of this heart of mine;
Mariposas, Mariposas, all the love I have is thine.
Could I tell thee how I love thee, wouldst thou laugh or smile at me?
Mariposas, Mariposas, say, what would your answer be?"

He paused a moment, then sang the same words again. They had come to him as a sort of inspiration some few days before; previously, as he gravely told himself, "he had not known he was one of those darned poet chaps." He was a little ashamed of the weakness, but found the constant repetition of the poor verse, adapted to the tune of a camp hymn, very soothing and comforting. The words softened his nature, and almost brought the tears into his eyes. They made him blissfully miserable, and in this misery he took a melancholy pleasure, as some do in picturing the scene of their own death-bed, the leave-takings, the last touching words they will breathe, and the quiet, happy smile which will set their lips as they hear the angels calling, and see the gates of Heaven open.

Having tired out the patient bird, who backed from his hand, ruffling all his feathers the wrong way, and hopped away, he rose from his seat, then turned quickly as a low ripple of laughter fell upon his ear.

Such a vision met his gaze as made his great frame tremble. Mariposas, with a teasing smile upon her beautiful face, was standing just behind him: she had been a listener to his idiocy.

"That's a fine song, and no mistake, Bob," she said, standing some little distance from him, and flashing defiant glances at him from her dark eyes. "The lady'd be obliged to you for making her name so public. The magpies'll be calling it out to-night."

She paused: he had no word to say, but just stood before her drinking in her beauty, longing, yet afraid, to fall down and worship her.

"Where's Steve?" she said, sharply, stooping down to the bird, who was examining her shoe-lace minutely.

"Gone home," Bob said, finding his

tongue. "He'll be at the Paradise by this time likely. Did you want him?"

"One's always pleased to see Steve," she said, eyeing the stained clothes of the splendid specimen of manhood before her

"A VISION MET HIS GAZE."

with great displeasure. "*He* keeps himself decent." She paused again. Bob had nothing to say; he looked down at his own clothes and sighed. "Well," she said, sharply, after a moment, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

"No," he answered, humbly. "Some can keep clean, some can't. "If," sheepishly, "I had a wife, now——"

"A wife!" interrupting him. "D'you suppose any decent woman would undertake *you?* Not she."

His expression grew quite hopeless.

"You think not?" he said, so sadly that her heart might have been touched. "Well," stooping down and picking up his tools, I've feared the same myself. It's a bad job, but somehow," looking himself slowly over, "the earth seems to have a spite against me."

"Steve can keep clean."

"Yes," agreeingly, "it's curious, but that's so. You're quite right, Steve's the better man of us two."

She tossed her head and blushed rosy red, but neither agreed nor disagreed with him.

"I'm going back now," she said, after a little pause. "I came for a walk to get a breath of fresh air. It isn't often I'm down in the gulch—it's not an inviting place. Are you leaving work now?"

"Yes," Bob answered; "but I'll wait awhile till you've gone. You'd not like to be seen walking with me."

He spoke quite simply, and scarcely understood why she pouted her pretty lips—putting it down as meaning that *that* she certainly would not like to do. He stood looking at her, then suddenly she turned away.

He watched her, hoping that perhaps she would turn her head; but she did not. She went slowly, though, and suddenly sat down on an earth-heap. He wondered why she was resting. He went to her. She was holding one foot as though it pained her, but her eyes laughed round at him and her cheeks were as red as a rose.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No," she answered, while her lips twitched amusedly; "at least, nothing much: I've sprained my ankle. I shall have to stop here till it is better."

"Can't you walk?" he said, looking troubled.

"No," she answered, shortly.

He stood by her side, scarcely knowing what to do. He could have taken her up in his arms and carried her as easily as though she had been a baby. The very thought of holding her so made him tremble; but, then, she would never let him.

"I wish Steve were here," he said.

"Why?" sharply. "What could Steve do that you cannot?"

"Steve could help you; you wouldn't mind him, he's clean."

"Steve couldn't carry me."

"No, that's true. Steve's but a weakly chap, but"—loyally—"he's clean!"

"Go and fetch someone to help me."

"And leave you here alone? Not I." He looked down upon her, at her lovely hair, at her laughing eyes; then he looked at her white dress. "Will it wash?" he asked, touching it.

"Oh, yes."

"Then let me carry you."

Her eyes sought the ground, the smile round her lips grew merrier; she began pushing the loose stones about with her fingers.

"May I?" he said, eagerly.

She looked up with defiant eyes. "Well, I suppose I must get home," she answered.

He waited for no more, but caught her up in his arms and held her closely clasped. For a moment he paused while he battled with, and conquered, an inclination to stoop and kiss her, then, turning his face from hers, he swung away towards the huts.

"AM I HEAVY?"

She smiled to herself, and laid her head down upon his shoulder; she could feel the mad beating of his heart, and it made her own beat faster.

"Bob," she said.

"Yes," he answered, keeping his face steadily turned away.

"Look at me," she said, authoritatively. "Why do you look away? Am I so ugly?"

He turned slowly, looking down upon her face, at her lips, scarce an inch from his. "So beautiful," he said; "so beautiful. It is best that I do not look at you."

"Am I heavy, Bob?"

"Heavy? No!"

"Put me down if I tire you."

"Tire me!"

"You've turned your face away again."

"I must."

"Why, Bob?"

He held her a little closer, and answered with another question: "Did you ever see cherries growing?"

"Yes, Bob."

"And did ever you notice that folks put nets over them to keep the birds from pecking them?"

"Yes, Bob."

"Do you think they'd be able to resist the temptation of touching them if they could see them looking so tempting, so sweet and beautiful, if they wasn't protected?"

"I dare say not."

"Well,"—he turned and looked at her for a moment—"I'm like the birds, and your lips are the cherries. I mustn't look or I shall be tempted."

She flushed all over her face and neck, then into her eyes laughter stole.

"Did it ever strike you that perhaps the cherries were made for the birds to peck?" she said, half nervously.

He looked at her once more; the bronze colour faded from his face, his great chest heaved.

"Mariposas?" he said, gently, questioningly, "Mariposas!"

She grew pale and frightened, she had only been playing with him.

"Let me down," she said, "I can walk now; let me down, Bob."

"But your foot?"

"Let me down."

He lowered her from his arms gently, she stood firmly upon both feet, there was no vestige of pain in the expression of her face.

"Thank you," she said, demurely, looking up at him and laughing as though something amused her. "Are you going on to the Paradise? Wait a little while; let me go alone; folks'll talk if they see us together; most outrageous ideas get into some people's heads when they've not much to think of."

She tripped away, Bob standing watching her. Almost he expected to hear a little cry of pain and to be called to her help, but seemingly the ankle was quite well.

He watched her out of sight, then his eyes wandered over his own person—his clothes seemed more earth-stained than ever; his shirt, that had been clean that morning, was splashed with liquid mud.

"She's right," he said, softly, "no decent woman would marry a dirty fellow like me."

He stood hesitatingly, then turned away towards his hut. There he got water and scoured himself almost savagely, then changed his clothes, and somewhat sheepishly, if the truth be told, made his way towards the Paradise Hotel.

It was pretty full; everyone had knocked off work for the day—the whole camp was spending the evening convivially—they hailed Bob with delight. Someone thrust a pewter pot into his hand, bade him drain it, and give them a song.

Bob looked round at the presiding goddess.

"If it's quite agreeable to all, I'll be happy," he said.

His look asked for Mariposas' permission. She did not answer for a moment, but looked him all over; he felt himself colouring.

"You've not been working to-day, have you, Bob?" she said.

He blushed painfully, and, their attention thus drawn, the whole camp noticed his spotless cleanliness.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then you've been getting married, or going to a christening since?"

"No."

"Then it's sweethearting you are?"

He looked her full in the face. "Yes," he answered, "that's it. I'm sweethearting."

There was a chorus of good-humoured laughter at this. They thought he was joking, all but the girl: she knew better, but she did not mean to spare him.

"Then you must go away from here," she

"'YOU MUST GO AWAY FROM HERE,' SHE SAID."

said. "We won't ask her name; but, like as not, she'd prefer that you should spend your time with her. When you're married and want to get away from her nagging, you may come back."

The men laughed, they thought it was a good joke.

"Shan't I give you the song?" Bob asked, humbly.

"No, thank you," the girl answered. "Steve is going to sing with me."

"Steve!"

He looked at his partner and smiled. Steve had a voice about as melodious as the jay-bird.

"Then I am not wanted?"

All the men looked at Mariposas, waiting for her to speak. They thought in some way Bob had offended.

"No," she said, "not here. Good-night, Bob; give my love to your sweetheart."

He went out slowly, and back to his hut. He could not understand how he had offended the girl — what made her treat him so. It never crossed his mind that it might simply be wilfulness. Once or twice he sang his little love song over to himself; then he closed his eyes, folded his arms as they had been folded when he held the girl he loved in them, and tried to think she was there still.

About midnight Steve came in. Bob opened his eyes and looked at him. Something about his footstep had struck him as unusual; generally it was light, now it dragged; his face, too, was colourless, and in his boyish eyes there were tears.

Bob rose slowly and went to him.

"Anything wrong, Steve?" he asked, laying his great hand upon his partner's shoulder with a touch gentle as a woman's.

Steve dropped his face upon his hands.

"She won't have me," he said. "I asked her to-night; she had been so kind, singing with me, walking a little way with me; I thought it meant that I might speak. She must have known that I loved her."

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"Try again; perhaps she wants you to try again."

"No, she says her heart is not her's to give."

"Does she?"

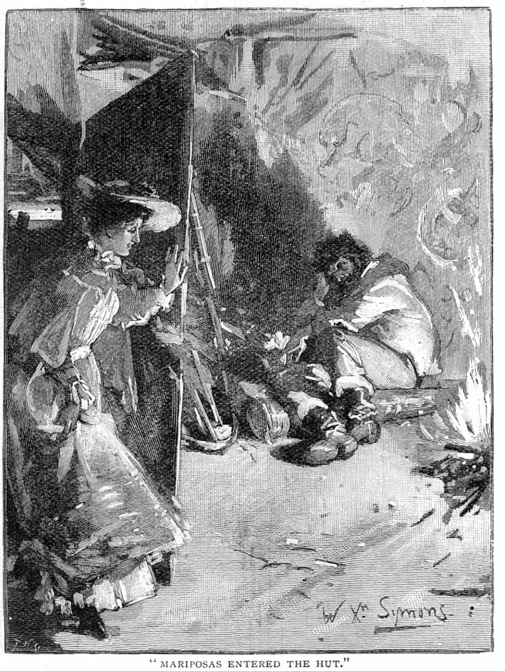
Bob went cold, and pale too. He wondered who it could be that she loved; there was none worthier than Steve.

"If it had been you," Steve went on, "I could have borne it; but see how she treated you to-night. I shall go away from here, Bob."

"And I, Steve."

It was little they slept that night, and before the next evening everyone knew that Singing Bob and Lily Steve were going away from the camp. Perhaps, too, they half guessed the cause.

They had done very well, and their claim



"MARIPOSAS ENTERED THE HUT."

sold for a fair price. They would take quite enough away to start in some new way.

It was the night before they had settled to leave: Steve had gone up to the Paradise to say good-bye to Mariposas. Bob said he couldn't and wouldn't, but sent a message by his friend. He was sitting alone, half wishing that he had gone just to see her face and hear her voice once more, when someone lifted the latch of his door, and the subject of his thoughts entered the hut.

He rose quickly, then stood still, not knowing what to do; she broke the silence.

"So you were going without bidding me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, huskily, for now that she was there, so near to him, it seemed harder than ever to go. "Yes, I thought it best."

"Why?"

"Because I loved you, because I love you."

"You never told me so."

"No, Steve loved you. Steve is a better fellow than I, and—and you said that no decent woman would take me. Steve told me the other night that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had said no, that your heart was already given, and so we are both going. I could not stop and see you belonging to another."

There was a silence. It had begun to rain; the heavy drops pattered against the window, and a rising wind rattled the door.

"It is better that I go," he said. "I shall start now in some other way of life."

"You and Steve?"

"No, Steve will go back to his people; he has relations."

"And you?"

"I have no people. I have no one belonging to me, not a single soul—I never shall have."

"You are quite alone in the world?"

"Quite."

"And that sweetheart you spoke of?"

He did not answer, he only looked at her: she coloured and faltered.

"It is not well for a man to live alone," she said, unconsciously quoting. "Bob," coming a little nearer to him, "do you remember that day that you carried me?"

"Is it likely I could forget?"

"And you thought I was hurt, but I wasn't. Bob"—softly—"I *wanted* to be taken in your arms."

He did not speak, he did not understand—why had she wanted him to take her in his arms?

"And they are so strong," she went on, "they held me so comfortably. Bob—since you are going away, since after to-night I shall never see you again—take me into them once more."

He took a step backwards.

"But the man you love!" he said.

"Bob! Must I ask you twice?"

He paused no longer, he threw his strong arms around her, lifting her in them.

"Now," she said, a shy smile creeping over her lips, "kiss me once—we are friends, parting for ever."

He bent his head; he kissed her, not once, but fifty times.

"Great God!" he said, hoarsely, "how can I go? How can I part with her now?"

"Is it hard?" she said. "Poor Bob," touching his face gently with her slender fingers, "have I made it harder? I must go now and you must go to-morrow; put me down."

He did not obey, he held her close.

"Who is it that you love?" he asked.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Is it fair to ask?" she answered. "And does it matter—you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

She reached her arms upward as she had once before; she lifted herself a little in his embrace, and laid her cheek against his.

"Take me with you, Bob," she whispered. "It is you I love!"

"Mariposas!"

"Are you glad?—then kiss me again!"

How Composers Work.

By Francis Arthur Jones.

ONE of my correspondents, writing to me on the subject of this article, says that he thinks I have undertaken a "tough job," and I fancy he is partly right. I trust, however, that my efforts have not been altogether futile, and that I have, in a measure, overcome most of the "toughness."

It has always appeared to me a curious fact that whereas one so often sees facsimile reproductions of the MSS. of famous authors and others, it is a comparatively rare occurrence to come across the compositions of musical composers treated in the same way, and I therefore determined to undertake the work of placing before the readers of this magazine portions of the MSS. of some of the foremost composers of the day, together with their opinions relative to that art of which they are the masters.

It may interest my readers still further to learn that the MSS. were, in most instances, re-written for me by the composers, with the object of their being produced in The Strand Magazine. They are given here as specimens of their compositions *when ready for publication*, for the first jottings of a composer are, as a rule, intelligible only to himself.

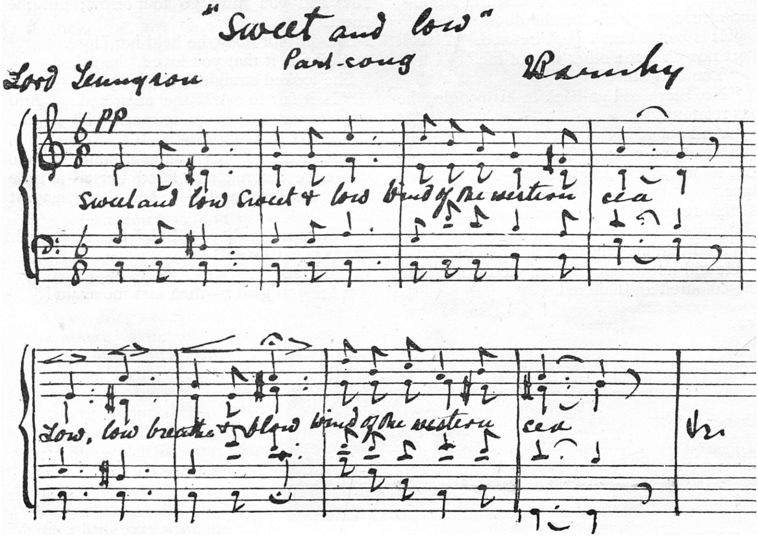
Joseph Barnby.

Sir J. Barnby, the late Precentor of Eton College, and newly elected Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, writes:—

"As a rule I do not work at the piano except to test what has already been written down. I have found ideas come most readily in the railway carriage or during a drive, and the time I prefer for composition is the morning."

As to writing on commission he says:—

"I see no objection to a composer writing 'to order,' as long as he sends out nothing of which he does not approve. Handel's 'Dettingen Te Deum,' Mozart's 'Requiem,'



Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' and a hundred other works furnish us with successful examples of this class of composition.

"I do not," he continues, "consider the *art* of composing one which can be acquired (the science may), but such an art is all but useless without serious cultivation."

In his modesty, Sir Joseph will give no opinion as to which he considers his best work, but sends, for publication here, a few bars of one of his part-songs which has had the widest acceptance—"Sweet and Low."

JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

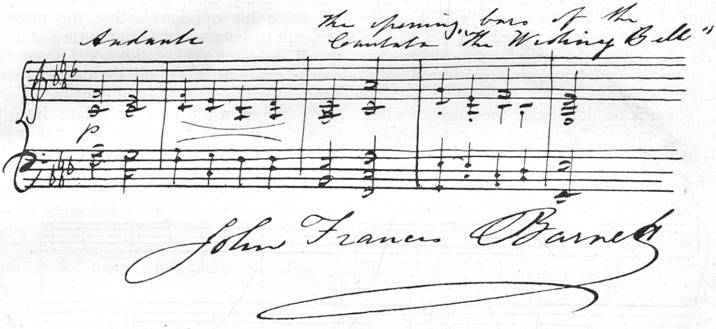
Mr. Barnett's method of composing I give in his own words:—

"Sometimes," he says, "an idea will come to me spontaneously, but when this is not the case I try for something, generally at the piano. If I succeed, I dot it down on music paper, but do not feel satisfied that it will be of any worth until I try it again the following day, because I have not infrequently found that an idea, which I considered good at the time, after the lapse of a day or more will appear to me insipid and not worth working out. I prefer the evening for composition, but not too late. For working out my ideas, putting them on paper, and for orchestration, I like the morning. Of my own compositions I consider 'The Building of the Ship,' written for the Leeds Festival, the best work I have yet done."

As many of Mr. Barnett's compositions have been written "to order," he not unnaturally believes in this method of composition. In fact, he feels all the better for having some strong reason for commencing a composition, but can easily understand that it would act detrimentally, especially if it involved the hurrying of the work.

"To a great extent," he continues, "I believe that composition can be acquired and cultivated providing there is some groundwork of talent to go upon. Without cultivation it would be impossible to work out ideas satisfactorily; at the same time, I do not believe that any amount of cultivation will give original ideas unless they belong to the composer by nature."

I here give my readers a few remarks of Mr. Barnett's, on whether or no we are a musical nation. At the close of this article I hope to give his opinion on this somewhat oft-repeated question at greater length. For the present, then, he says: "I think that the English are generally fond of music, but the quality of music they are fond of is, in many cases, bordering on the commonplace. That there are a multitude of admirers of the classical in music amongst the English is, fortunately, quite true, but I am inclined to believe that there are too many who are quite content with perhaps dance music, and who would rather not hear such a thing as a Beethoven Sonata. The reason for the want of good taste amongst a certain portion of our people may be traced to the class of music given by some teachers to their young pupils." The portion of music is taken from Mr. Barnett's last cantata, "The Wishing Bell," produced at the Gloucester Festival.



JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

"Sometimes," says Jacques Blumenthal, "I compose at the piano, at other times away from it. I am in the habit of reading a good deal of poetry, and when any poem strikes my fancy and seems adapted to musical treatment, I copy it into one of my MS. books, of which I always keep several,

in English, French, German, and Italian. These verses all lie patiently there till their time comes to be set to music. Some have to wait for years, some are composed almost at once; it all depends on the mood in which I happen to be, for according to my mood I look out for some verses corresponding to it, and then the song comes forth with ease; in fact, it takes much less time to compose the music than to write it down, but I invariably try to improve upon it, and file down or add almost up to the time of going into print. Sometimes I feel more attracted towards one language than towards another, and then I am apt to compose for some time nothing but songs in that language. This is the origin of my French and German albums, and as you ask me which I consider my best work, I must say in my estimation it is the album of twenty German songs with English version by Gwendoline Gore."

As to whether the art of composition can be acquired or learned and cultivated, Mr. Blumenthal says:—

"There is no doubt that the rules, or what we may call the grammar of composition, can be acquired by clear heads just as the rules of any other grammar can be. But just as little as knowing the rules of language can make you write *one* phrase worth remembering, so will the life work of a mere musical scholar be cast into the shade by a few bars from the pen of a man of genius."

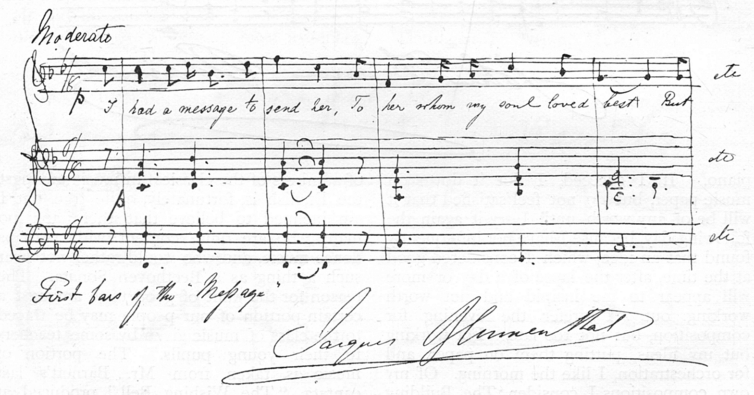
The two or three bars of music in the composer's autograph are taken from his well-known song "The Message."

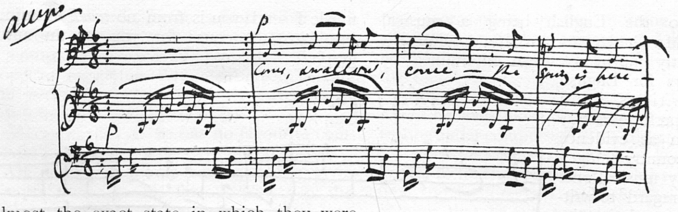
F. H. COWEN.

Mr. Cowen says, with reference to his mode of composing: "I usually work by fits and starts, or rather, I should say, that I work sometimes for months continuously, almost all day and evening with little rest, especially when I am engaged upon a large work, for then I can think of nothing else: it weighs upon my mind until completed. At other times, perhaps, I do little or nothing (except a few songs, etc.) for a month or two, lying quite fallow. This may be a greater strain than working systematically all the year round, but I cannot bear when engaged on anything important to lose the thread of it for a single moment."

As to composing to a piano, Mr. Cowen believes in it when writing for *voices* and singing every note and word oneself, but otherwise his opinion is that the music is very apt to be unvocal. In the case of *choral works*, he often makes the vocal score first, having made up his mind thoroughly beforehand what the orchestration is to be.

"I never work now very late into the night," continues the composer, "though I used to; usually beginning about 10 or 10.30 a.m., and leaving off about 11 or 12 p.m., with intervals for meals and a constitutional (this is, of course, when working hard). Every composer should have a note-book of some sort to jot down ideas in when necessary. I may say, however, that I have carried about with me (mentally only) whole songs or movements perfected, sometimes for three or four years without writing down a note, and have afterwards used them in



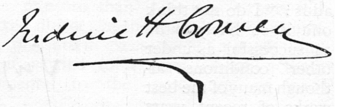


almost the exact state in which they were photographed in my brain! I do not think it possible for composition to be taught or acquired, that is, *real* composition. I daresay that anyone with a certain musical taste can be taught to string a melody and accompaniment together; but the *genuine* thing must be born in one, though, of course, the gift is useless, or at least crude, without serious cultivation."

Mr. Cowen considers his best work up to the present the "Symphony in F, No. 8," and his new opera "Sigrid" (not yet performed).

In conclusion he says: "I do not believe in composers writing 'to order,' as a general rule, but I think they may often do their best work under pressure, and when they know it must be completed by a certain time. Of course, this means that the time allowed them is sufficiently long to prevent their unduly hurrying or 'scamping' their work."

The few bars of music are the beginning of a song published in an album of twelve by various composers, the words of which are by H. Boulton.



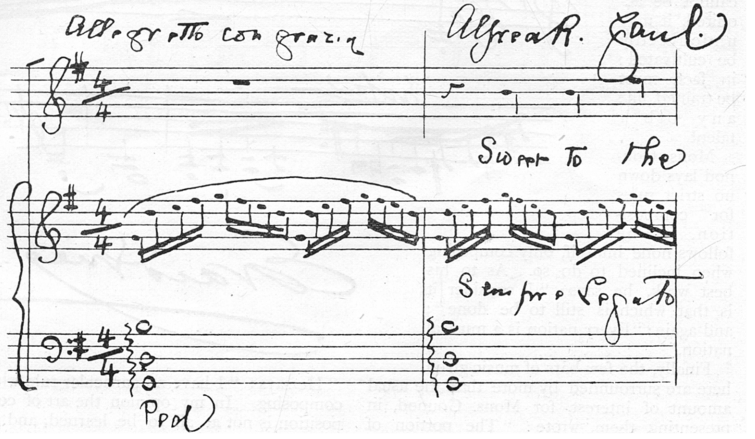
ALFRED R. GAUL.

Alfred Gaul when composing always thinks of the necessary construction for best bringing out the meaning of the words.

"This I do in the first place," he says, "without associating a musical idea with the words. Having, as far as possible, arrived at a conclusion on this point, I next think of the music, both as to melody and harmony. All these points being settled to my satisfaction, the work then proceeds with ease."

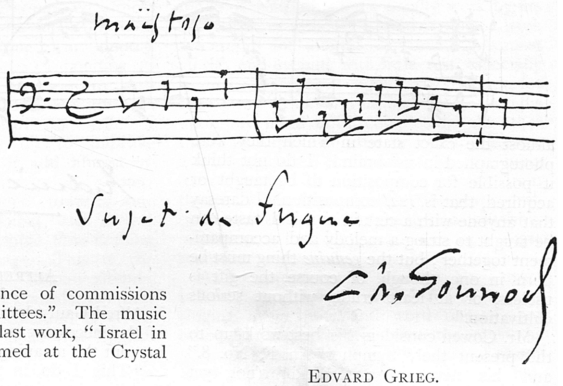
Mr. Gaul sets no particular part of the day aside for composing, working sometimes early and sometimes late.

Of all his cantatas and other compositions his favourite is "The Ten Virgins," Op. 42, a sacred cantata for four solo voices and chorus, and this he considers his best work.



As to the English being a musical nation, Mr. Gaul gives it as his opinion that the greatly improved esteem entertained by foreigners for English compositions and English performers may be taken as evidence of our country being a decidedly musical one.

With regard to writing on commission, he adds: "I do not think one is so likely to be as successful as under other conditions, although many of the best works of recent years have been written to order, *i.e.*, in consequence of commissions given by festival committees." The music is taken from Mr. Gaul's last work, "Israel in the Wilderness," performed at the Crystal Palace, July 9, 1892.



CHARLES GOUNOD.

The famous French composer, Charles François Gounod, briefly gives as his opinion: "Composer c'est exprimer ce que l'on *sent* dans une langue que l'on *sait*."

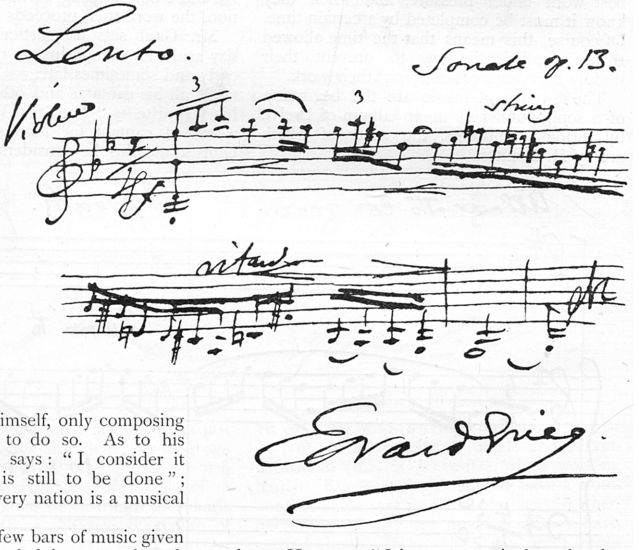
He adds that though the art of composition cannot be acquired, it may undoubtedly be cultivated; in fact, must be trained, like any other talent.

Mons. Gounod lays down no strict rules for composition, as he follows none himself, only composing when inclined to do so. As to his best work, he says: "I consider it is that which is still to be done"; and again: "Every nation is a musical nation."

Finally, the few bars of music given here are surrounded by more than the usual amount of interest, for Mons. Gounod, in presenting them, wrote: "The portion of music I send you is from no *work* of mine, but 'instantaneous' for you, of an autograph."

EDVARD GRIEG.

The Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg, sends his opinion over the sea, from his home at Bergen, where, by the way, he has just celebrated his silver wedding.



He says: "I have no particular rule when composing. In my opinion the art of composition is not at all to be learned, and yet

must be learned; for it is impossible for a composer to write melodies correctly without a complete mastery of his art. Just as hopeless as for an illiterate person lacking the necessary knowledge of language to sit down to write a standard work."

He adds that as he has no favourite composer, all *good* composers are his favourites.

Of his many compositions, Grieg gives his preference to his famous sonata for the violin, "Op. 13," a few bars of which are here given.

Ch. H. Lloyd.

Professor Ch. H. Lloyd, when composing, generally proceeds on the following lines:—

"If I am setting words to music," he writes, "I generally read them over several times till they suggest appropriate music, and then jot down my ideas on paper. If it is an abstract composition, it is difficult to say what starts the machine. Ideas often come to me when I am in the train, or at less convenient times. Whenever possible, I write down a few bars before I forget them; but the main work is done sitting at a table with some music paper before me. I seldom go to the piano till I am well on with a composition, and I never seek for ideas at it. I have no regular or fixed time for composing—more often in the morning than at any other time; but sometimes I have not time to put a note on paper for months together."

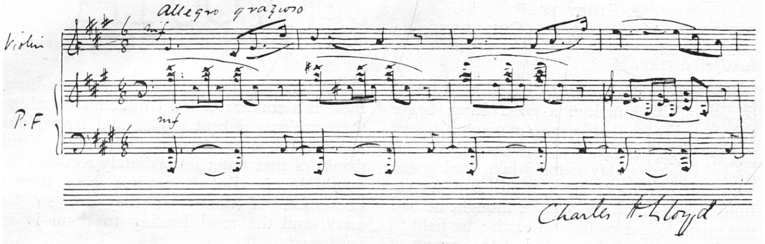
Unlike some other composers, Professor Lloyd believes most decidedly in composers writing under compulsion "to a certain extent."

"For," he says, "if a composer knows that he *has* to finish a particular work by a certain time and for a certain purpose, why, I am of opinion that he will accomplish it far better under pressure than if he was working with no fixed object; at the same time, of course, such pressure in excess is not a good thing, and if carried to a great extent, actually detrimental to the production of good work."

Of his own works, Mr. Lloyd prefers his "Song of Balder," and this composition in his opinion is the best written.

In conclusion the Professor says: "If there is no aptitude for composition it can never be acquired; if, on the other hand, the aptitude exist, but the energy to cultivate it with hard and serious study be absent, it can never be brought to a successful issue."

The portion of particularly neat MS. is taken from his "Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte."



(To be Continued.)

THE LAND OF YOUTH

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A SCANDINAVIAN POPULAR TALE

THERE was once in a great kingdom a good King, brave in battle, wise in council, happy in all his undertakings. But a day came when, seeing his locks turn white and feeling himself weakened by age, he thought he had not much longer to live on earth; he held to life, however, and demanded of the savants of his kingdom whether there was not any way of escaping death. These men deliberated over this great question, and were unable to solve it.

One day there came to the palace an old sorceress who had travelled far over land and sea, and who was renowned for her knowledge. The King asked her what news she brought.

"I have heard," she said, "that you are greatly in fear of death, since you have become old, and I have come to show you a way to recover both strength and health."

"Speak, speak!" cried the King, delightedly.

"A long way—a very long way—from here, there is a country called Ungdomland, where there are magnificent apples and marvellous water. Whoever eats of those apples and drinks of that water immediately recovers his youthfulness. But it is not easy to get possession of the two: they are so far away, and the road leading to them is so perilous."

So said the sorceress. The King rewarded her magnificently, and resolved to send one of his sons in search of the apples and water of youthfulness.

He prepared for him a brilliant equipage, gave him money, and the Prince departed on his quest. But he did not go far. He stopped at a city which pleased him, and lived there gaily, without thinking of the errand on which his father had sent him, nor of his father.

The old man, after long waiting for his return, and neither seeing him come back nor hearing of him, sent towards that Land of Youth his second son, who, on arriving at

the city where his brother was living, found there the same seductions, and, in his turn, gave himself up to a life of gaiety, and completely forgot his mission and his father.

The King aged and saddened more and more. His young son, named Carl, expressed a wish to go in search of the Land of Youth. The King, having only this son left to him, did not like to part with him; but Carl was so determined that he finally overcame all resistance. He departed, like his brothers, with a brilliant equipage; and the old man was left alone and deeply distressed at the desertion of his sons.

Carl passed by the city where his brothers were stopping, and they tried to detain him with them. But he wished to redeem the promise he had made to his father, and travelled through vast regions. Everywhere he inquired the way to the Land of Youth, but nobody could direct him.

"CARL'S BROTHERS TRIED TO DETAIN HIM."

One evening, in the heart of a dense forest, he saw a tiny light shining a long way off, and making towards it, in the hope of finding a resting-place, reached a cottage, the dwelling-place of an old woman, who kindly consented to give him lodgment, and asked him who he was and whither he was going.

"I am the son of a King," answered Carl, "and I am in search of the Land of Youth."

"Ah!" replied the good old woman, "I have lived three hundred winters and have never heard of that country. But I am the Queen of the Quadrupeds; to-morrow morning I will question them, and perhaps one of them may be able to give you some useful information."

The Prince cordially thanked her for her civility, and slept soundly.

At sunrise the next morning the old woman blew her horn; a great noise was instantly heard in the forest. All the four-footed animals, large and small, assembled about the cottage. Their Queen asked them whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, and all replied that they had not the least idea where it was to be found.

The polite old woman turned towards the Prince, and said:—

"You see that I cannot direct you on your way; but go, from me, to my sister, who is Queen of the Birds; perhaps she will know better than I. Mount on the back of this wolf, he will carry you to her."

The Prince again thanked her, and set off on the back of his strange steed. In the evening he found himself in the depths of a forest and saw, once more, a tiny light shining in the distance. The wolf stopped and said:—

"Yonder is the dwelling-place of the sister of my sovereign. Here we must part."

The Prince descended into an underground cabin, and found there another good old woman, who received him politely, and asked him for what purpose he was travelling. He replied that he was in search of the Land of Youth.

"Ah!" she said, "I have lived six

hundred winters, and have never heard speak of that country. But to-morrow I will question the birds."

The Prince thanked her and slept soundly.

Next day the old woman blew her horn, and immediately a great noise was heard in the air. The birds flew hurriedly from all sides. Their Queen asked them whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, but they replied that they did not know.

Turning towards the Prince, the Queen said :—

"You see that I cannot direct you as I wish, but my sister, who is the Queen of the Fishes, may, perhaps, be better informed than I. Seat yourself between the two wings of this eagle, and he will carry you to her."

The Prince obeyed, and, in the evening, alighted at a small cabin. There he found an old woman, who inquired who he was and where he wished to go.

"I am the son of a King," he replied. "I am in search of the Land of Youth, and have come to you with the recommendation of your sister."

"I have lived nine hundred years," said the good old woman, "and have never heard tell of the country to which you wish to go ; but to-morrow I will question the fishes."

Next day, in fulfilment of her promise, she blew her horn, and instantly a great commotion was seen in the waves, all the fishes darting through the waters and assembling about their Queen, who inquired whether they knew where the Land of Youth was, and they all answered that they did not know.

"But I don't see amongst you the old whale," cried the Queen.

In a moment, a great noise was heard in the water ; it was caused by the hurried arrival of the whale.

"Why are you so late?" demanded the Queen.

"I have had a long way to come—several thousand leagues."

"Where have you been?"

"To the Land of Youth."

"Very well. You have failed in your duty by not coming sooner in answer to my summons ; as a punishment, you will bear this young man to the land from which you have come and bring him back."

The Prince warmly thanked the good nine-hundred-years-old woman and got upon the back of the whale, which sped rapidly through the waters. By the arrival of evening, he had reached the shore on which he desired to land.

The whale then said to him :—

"Listen to the advice I am going to give you—do not forget it, and follow it punctually.

"THE WHALE SPED RAPIDLY THROUGH THE WATERS."

At midnight everything sleeps in the enchanted castle before you; you may, therefore, enter it at midnight, but do not pluck more than one apple, nor take more than one phial-full of the magic water; do not linger, but return in all haste, otherwise you will expose yourself and me to a mortal danger."

"Thanks!" replied Carl; "I will remember your instructions."

At midnight he entered the enchanted castle. All within it was plunged in sleep, as the whale had said would be the case. In front of the door there were a number of frightful beasts, bears, wolves, and dragons, lying beside each other, their eyes closed.

He passed through many superb rooms and saw with admiration the riches they contained. At length he came to one larger than the rest, the walls of which were covered with plates of gold and silver. In the middle of this room was the tree on which shone the magic apples, and near it, rippling over precious stones, with a marvellous sound, ran a clear and luminous stream of water — the water of which the bold traveller had come so far in search.

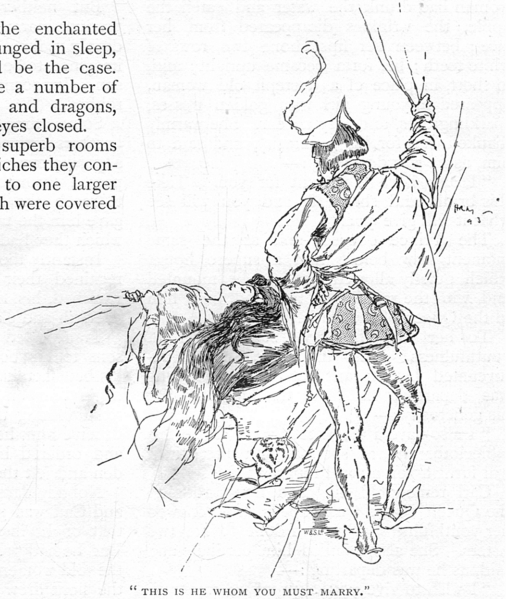
He filled a phial with the water of youthfulness, but, after doing that, forgot the whale's advice, and plucked as many golden apples as he could get into his wallet. Having got all he wanted, he wished to quit the enchanted castle, but he could not find the way by which he had entered. He wandered from room to room, searching in vain for the outer door.

At length he entered a room yet more splendid than any he had before seen. It contained a bed of blue silk, on which was reposing a young girl of incomparable beauty. Carl stood before her motionless and speechless in an ecstasy of delight. At the same time the young girl saw, in a dream, the image of this charming Prince so distinctly that, thenceforth, she could not forget him, and in her ear a mysterious voice murmured: "This is he whom you must marry."

Carl at length tore himself from the contemplation of the beautiful sleeper, wrote his name, and the name of his country, on the wall near her, and went out.

Hardly had he crossed the threshold of the door ere everything in the castle awoke and all there became movement. He sprang upon the back of the whale, which was impatiently awaiting him.

On reaching the middle of the sea, the gigantic animal suddenly plunged into the depths of the waters, then, remounting, said to the Prince:—



"THIS IS HE WHOM YOU MUST MARRY."

"Did that plunge frighten you?"

"Yes; I confess it greatly frightened me."

"Well, I was quite as much alarmed when you filled your wallet with apples."

When he had gone a little further, the whale again plunged, only deeper than the first time, and then said to the Prince:—

"Were you afraid?"

"More than ever I have been before."

"Well, I was quite as much frightened when you stopped to look at the Princess."

A little further on, the whale once more plunged and remained longer under the water, saying to the Prince on rising again to the surface:—

"Were you afraid?"

"Yes, terribly."

"Well, I was quite as much terrified when you wrote your name on the wall."

In the evening Carl arrived at the cottage of the Queen of the Fishes. As a return for the service she had rendered him, he gave her a golden apple and some drops from the marvellous spring.

As soon as the nine-hundred-years-old woman had drunk the water and eaten the apple, the wrinkles disappeared from her face; between her lips shone two rows of white teeth; her form became upright; and, in short, in place of a decrepit old woman, appeared a young girl with golden tresses, sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks. She warmly thanked Carl for his generosity, and said to him, as he was departing:—

"I also have a present for you. Take this bridle and shake it—and you will see what it will give you."

The Prince obeyed, and at the same moment saw before him a superb horse, which quietly allowed itself to be mounted and, with the rapidity of the wind, bore him to the Queen of the Birds.

To her also he gave some water of youthfulness and an apple, which rejuvenated her in an instant. And as he was departing, she said, thanking him for his generosity:—

"I also have a present for you. Take this tablecloth, and, as soon as you spread it, it will furnish you a royal repast."

Carl remounted his good horse, rode to the Queen of the Quadrupeds, and renewed her youthfulness, as he had done to her two sisters. She also thanked him cordially and said, as he was departing:—

"I wish to give you a proof of my gratitude; take this sword, at sight of which no adversary can offer resistance, not even the most savage animal."

With this powerful sword, the precious tablecloth, and the enchanted bridle, the Prince continued his journey, and reached the city where his two brothers still remained, and after joyfully embracing them, related to them all his adventures.

On hearing that he had been so successful in his enterprise, the two brothers, feeling at once ashamed of their want of energy and furious at his success, resolved to strip him of what he had so bravely won. To celebrate his return, they said, they prepared a grand banquet, and, deceiving him by these pretended evidences of affection, during the night, and without his having the least suspicion of their villainy, changed the treasure he had brought from Ungdomland for other water and other apples.

Carl continued on his way homeward, eager to see his father again, and filled with happiness at the idea of being able to give him back his lost youthfulness. As soon as he had embraced him, he gave him, with joyful confidence, his phial of water and apples.

But neither the water nor the apples produced any effect, and the old man was deeply pained and irritated by what he imagined to be the deception practised by his son. Innocent Carl saw that he had been robbed.

Some time afterwards, his two wicked brothers arrived. They told to their father a prodigious story of vast regions they had passed through, and perils they had dared, to reach the enchanted land. Then they gave him the true water and the true apples which they had stolen from Carl.

Instantly the white locks of the old King regained their primitive hue, his wrinkles vanished, his limbs got back their youthful strength and elasticity.

Transported with joy, he pressed his two sons to his bosom, calling them his heroes, his benefactors. He lavished tenderness and distinction on them; and then, suddenly remembering the youngest, who had tried to deceive him, he became furious against him, and ordered him to be cast into the lions' den and left there without assistance.

Nobody dare oppose this terrible sentence, and Carl was given over to the wild beasts, that ought instantly to have devoured him. But he had preserved the presents of two of the old women. At the sight of his sword the lions drew back humbly. When he was hungry he spread his tablecloth, which was instantly laden with the choicest food.

Meanwhile the young Princess of Ungdomland thought of him constantly, and, believing he would return, waited for him, day after day. One night she saw him again in a dream, no longer with a smile on his lips and light in his eyes, as she had seen him when he was near her, but downcast, anxious, captive. At the same time a mysterious voice murmured in her ear: "This is he whom you must marry."

She listened, she looked: this dream was for her a reality, and her mind was quickly made up—he could not come to her, therefore she must go to him; he was sad, she must console him; he was captive, she must deliver him.

On the wall he had written his name and

the name of his country; to that country she set off with a large number of ships, a mass of precious things, and a legion of soldiers.

At sight of this foreign fleet all the inhabitants of the rejuvenated King's capital were greatly alarmed—it had come with hostile intentions, perhaps, and it certainly appeared formidable.

But the young Princess only asked to see the young man who had been in Ungdomland. Her wish was one that could easily be satisfied. The King hastened to send his eldest son to her; but she had no sooner set eyes on him than she cried:—

"This is not he of whom I am in search!"

The King sent his second son.

She awaited him on board her magnificent ship, surrounded by her officers, and no sooner saw him than she exclaimed:—

"This is not he of whom I am in search!" adding: "It is of no use trying to deceive me. I must see the young Prince who came to Ungdomland; otherwise, I vow that of this royal capital I will not leave one stone standing upon another."

At those words the two impostors were dumfounded, and the King, pale and trembling, remembered the dreadful sentence he had pronounced.

What was to be done? Doubtless, the young Prince had long before been devoured by the wild beasts. They went, however, to the edge of the pit into which he had been cast, and found him seated calmly in the midst of the lions.

A cry of joy announced this miracle, and was repeated on all sides. The King flew to his son, threw himself on his knees before him, and begged pardon for his iniquity. Carl tenderly raised him, held him to his heart, and returned with him to the city, where he had been so much beloved and regretted. The crowd pressed upon his steps, and filled the air with enthusiastic shouts.

On reaching the palace, he arrayed himself in his festival clothes, shook the magic bridle, and, mounted on a superb horse, advanced towards the foreign flotilla.

Hardly had the Princess cast her eyes upon him ere she cried:—

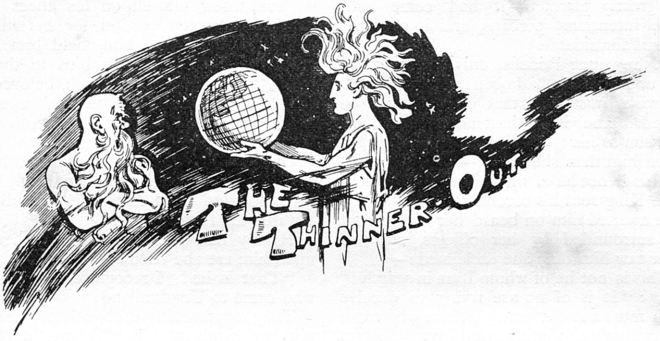
"That is he! I recognise him. It is he who came to Ungdomland!"

They approached each other. She held out her hands to him; he was the spouse designed to her by the mysterious voice.

Next day the marriage of the handsome Prince and the beautiful Princess was pompously celebrated, and they departed together to the Land of Youth, where they lived long and happily.

The two traitors were cast into the den of lions into which they had caused their innocent brother to be thrown.

"THAT IS HE!"



READER, can you, by a violent effort of memory, recall the two spirits, William and James, who engaged in these pages in several arguments concerning the possibility of your, and my, existence? I know you have had other things to think about lately — the possibility of obtaining, either by exorbitant payment, diplomacy, or any means underhand or otherwise, a supply of coals for the winter—the fate of Lobengula—the chances of the Employers' Liability Bill—the state of our Navy. But if you will for one moment compare the weight of these trivialities with that of the question: "Is it, or is it not, possible for this Universe to have ever existed?"—you will find the former group of subjects vanish like an idle dream; while the VAST QUERY will instantly absorb your whole attention.

Then you will recollect that the more thoughtful, more logical, less visionary spirit William conclusively proved the impossibility of our existence.

Yet he was wrong. Very slight inquiries into evidence have since convinced me that our Universe *does* exist. It is difficult to credit, in the face of William's logic: but I fear we *must* believe it.

Very well—waiving the possibility of our *all* being hypnotized through all the ages (say by Adam, Rameses the Great, Mr. Stead, or some other power having sway over human minds) into a belief of the existence of the non-existent—we will, please, take it as carried that we *do* exist, and that even William is forced to admit it. Very good: now let's get on.

"What do you think *now?*" asked James, a weak-minded scintillation of triumph in his eye.

William was evidently seriously offended; facts which contradict carefully-weighed logic, flawless in all other respects, are always irritating to the thoughtful. Men of science will indorse this.

"Hurrm!" he said at last; "your Universe does exist—in a way; and the globe you call 'Terra' does exist—in a way. But the highly objectionable creatures on it don't seem too comfortable; in fact, a more ridiculous, calamitous, disastrous, pitiful, gruesome, repulsive muddle than they make of it I could not possibly conceive!"

"But they have *some* reasonable qualities?" argued James.

"A few," said William. "Those taught them by the conduct of what you call the lower animals. *I* know what's principally wrong with them—they *think*, and *do things*, too much."

"Well, they are, perhaps, too much given to thinking and doing things. I admit that they make many mistakes, but I *do* protest that they *mean well*—that their theories are, as a whole, in the right direction—that they have a solid, genuine admiration for good aims and great deeds, and reward such merits when conspicuously shown by any among them."

"Hum!" said William.

"Oh, come," said James; "you *must*

admit that humanity's rewards are, as a rule, conferred on those who do the greatest services to humanity."

"From *my* point of view, yes!" said William. "Let's have a game!" he said, suddenly.

"A game?" said James, taken aback by such a proposition from the cynical and severe William.

"Yes," said the latter. "Let us put this point of yours to the test. Let you and me select, each, a specimen of humanity from among this herd, each of us choosing the specimen which he deems most likely to obtain the highest praises and rewards of humanity; let us choose our specimens as babies, and watch them through their subsequent careers—eh?"

"Very good," said James, confidently.

"Let's have a bet on it, like your humans do with insurance companies about the length of their lives," said William. "I will bet you—let's see—I'll bet you that comet against that little star over there in the constellation like a saucepan. The comet's more showy, and apparently better value; so that will please *you* best: and you won't notice its flimsiness as compared with the greater solidity of the little star."

"But what nonsense!" said James. "What in space would be the use of a comet or a star to one of us? What could we do with it?"

"You could give yours," said William, in that nasty tone of his, "to one of your humans. He would be delighted. It's exactly the kind of thing they are always longing for."

Then they looked about among humanity.

"I've chosen my baby," said James. "Something has gone wrong with another baby's feeding-bottle, and my baby is trying to put it right."

"Very curious!" said William. "The baby I had chosen is the very baby whose feeding-bottle—(anachronism is nothing to *us*, James—we deal with *all* dates)—your baby is attempting to put right. While your baby is so engaged, *my* baby is damaging the tube of *your* baby's bottle, to the end that your baby may fail to get any nourishment through it. That's the baby for *me!*"

James laughed in derision. "Well, if you think *your* choice will merit the praise of humanity —— !" he began.

"Stop!" said William. "The words in our agreement were '*obtain* the praises of humanity.' We said nothing about *meriting* them. I say my choice will obtain them."

"Well, well," said James, "you needn't split hairs!"

"I'm not splitting hairs," replied William; "I am pointing out the chasm between two mountains."

"But — confound it!" said James, impatient at his companion's want of reason. "You don't mean to seriously tell me that you seriously believe that humanity would seriously choose to reward those who injure rather than those who benefit——?"

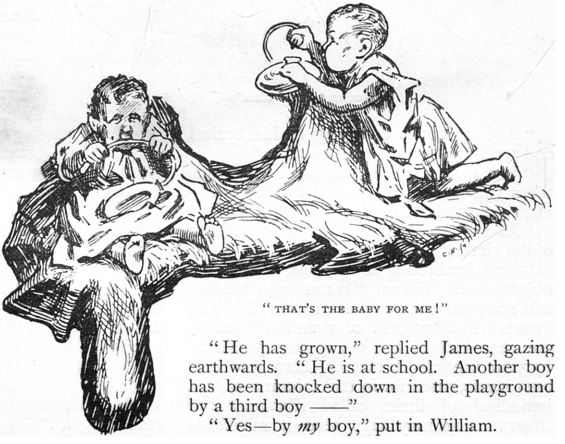
"Never mind what I believe. You'll see," said William. "See, our babies are growing; they are little boys now. What's yours doing?"

"Mine," said James, triumphantly, "has found a dead bird, and is trying to bring it to life."

"That is the bird which *my* little boy has killed," said William.

James sniggered again. "You had better make another choice," he said.

"*Will* you kindly mind your own business," said William, "and look after your chance of that comet? You'd better be ordering a handsome casket to present it to your baby in *when* he has obtained the praises of humanity. What's your baby up to now?"



"THAT'S THE BABY FOR ME!"

"He has grown," replied James, gazing earthwards. "He is at school. Another boy has been knocked down in the playground by a third boy ——"

"Yes—by *my* boy," put in William.

"FOUND A DEAD BIRD."

"And my boy is attending to his bruises and trying to ease the pain of them."

"Just so," said William. "A most mistaken young person! I knew he would—just the sort of thing he *would* be up to!"

"At any rate, he is earning the gratitude of the victim," protested James.

"The gratitude of victims," said the objectionable William, "is not legal tender; it is not even a marketable article. Did you ever see the gratitude of victims quoted in the share-lists of the newspapers published by your precious humans? Have you ever seen it advertised for in the columns of that periodical of theirs called *Exchange and Mart?* You may have seen it advertised for sale there; but there were no answers. Now look at *my* boy, James—look at him! That's promise, if you like! He's knocking down *all* the other boys like ninepins."

"Your boy is a Bully," said James.

"Ah! you've discovered it, then? It has at last dawned upon you that I am bound to win. My boy is a Bully. You may as well just hand over that little star out of the saucepan at once, and save further trouble."

"What! *Do* you mean to tell me," screamed James, rising on the tips of his toes with indignation, "to tell me that a Bully is the sort of person to obtain the highest praises and rewards of his fellow-creatures?"

"I do," said William. "The sort, and the *only* sort. I'll grant that your beneficent person who does a lot of good to your humans may come in for a good large amount of praises, and also even get a small amount of solid rewards: but the fellow they really love is your Bully."

"How can they love him? Impossible!" said James.

"Then why do the confounded creatures act as though they did? You can only judge of their sanity by their acts — and those disprove it. Let's go on. What's my boy doing now?"

"He is playing with a lot of little toy soldiers," said James. "He is knocking them over with toy cannon. Now he is constructing little toy towns, and setting fire to them."

"And your boy?"

"Is picking up the little soldiers, and trying to bend them straight and set them on their legs again."

"Ah! Always throwing away your chances of winning that comet by wasting his time earning the gratitude of victims!" said the horrid William. "And now they have both left school, and are studying. My boy is practising sword-cuts, and reading about words of command, and linked battalions and machine-guns."

"HE'S KNOCKING DOWN ALL THE OTHER BOYS LIKE NINEPINS."

"And my boy is practising tying bandages, and reading about arteries, and nerves, and compound fractures, and epidemics. My boy is fitting himself as a Healer."

"And my boy," said William, "is fitting himself for a Slayer."

"You are either mad," said James, "or are indulging in a pastime which is not your *forte*—a jest. You cannot seriously imagine that these humans will actually prefer one who slays them!"

"I *know* they will—it just tallies with their queer ways. They profess to hold human life at the highest value! That's not humbug on their parts, mind you—they are under the delusion that they do so hold it. Life is to them an object of joy, and the absence of it one of regret; as I told you once before, they delight in the filling up of the waste places of their ball with human life. They don't consider animal life as life.

"If an island is full of intelligent elephants, who hardly ever make mistakes, and quiet, domesticated kangaroos, and contented rabbits, these humans of yours say: 'What a pity it isn't inhabited—we ought to people that desert!' They don't recognise the fact that it *is* inhabited and *isn't* a desert! They are delighted at the growing crowds in their towns; and if they look down a lane and don't see anyone in it, they drop a tear and think: 'It's very sad there should be no human life in that lane.'

"And here comes in one of the queerest phases in the exceeding queerness of these people of yours—all the while they are under the impression that they consider the increase of humanity as of the highest advantage, they have an unrecognised instinct which tells them that things will be mightily uncomfortable for them when their ball gets a little overfilled: and from this unrecognised instinct springs their partiality to anyone who thins them out. The Thinner-Out is the object of their very highest rewards ——

"Ha! Look—look there, on that TERRA of yours. There's a great ship about to be wrecked—yes, there it goes, crashing on the rocks. There will be a wholesale bit of thinning-out there—no; see, one of your humans, by the exercise of superhuman energy, and at infinite risk to himself, is saving the whole lot of them. Every one of them is safe on land now. They are crowding round their preserver——"

"Ha!" cried James. "Where are your precious cynical arguments *now?* Look at

SLAYER AND HEALER.

their gratitude—look how they grasp his hand, and kiss it, and——"

"Collect for him a sum amounting to nearly fifty pounds, and send him a medal, and mention him in the principal newspapers—nearly half a column in some!—and drop him," said William.

"Of course," he continued, "there are several kinds of Thinners-Out—there's the one who spreads epidemics by travelling in public conveyances when suffering from communicable ailments: they don't reward him, because no particular effort is required for his kind of work—a child could do it: but he is protected by the laws. Who ever heard of anyone being visited by any heavier punishment than the fine of a few coins for wilfully thinning-out humans in this way? Nobody. Then there are two kinds of the class who go in for the most lucrative method of thinning-out—War. There's the warrior who thins out his fellow-creatures to gratify his own personal inclinations and ambitions; and there's the warrior who is forced to thin them out by the duty of defending his country against the former kind of warrior."

"Ah! and the latter's the kind of warrior his fellow humans will heap the highest rewards upon," said James.

"Oh, *is* he?" said William. "All right; for the sake of curiosity let us just follow the career of a third boy—the little one that was knocked down by *my* boy, and tended by yours. What is *he* at now?"

"Why, he is practising with a sword like your Bully; only he is practising parries instead of cuts; and he is also reading about words of command, and linked battalions, and machine-guns, and fortifications. And I recollect, by the way, that he was lately playing with a little toy town and trying to defend it."

"Just so," said William. "He'll do very well, mind you; but the other kind of warrior—my Bully—will distance him in rewards by leagues. Halloa!—there's a booming of cannon, and a noise of screaming. What's doing?"

"It's your Bully. He's an adult human now; and he's besieging a town; now he has taken it and set it on fire, and put the inhabitants to the sword."

"That's the way to begin, James! If you want to win the love and respect of those humans of yours, strike terror into them at the start. You see, those you spare feel so proud of their own cleverness in being spared, and so relieved about it, that they are in the best of humours; and, looking about for somebody on whom to expend their good humour, they naturally fix on the figure that catches their eye first; and that, of course, is the figure of the Thinner-Out. See?"

"Your beastly baby is taking more towns,

and kindly accepting ransoms for abstaining from destroying what never was his."

"Yes; and from a corner of the earth comes out the other boy who studied war; and he stands in front of the one-half of the earth where he lives, to prevent the Bully attacking it; and now there's a great battle — another — another — and another, and my baby is beaten back from one-half of that globe of yours, and the other baby stands in the middle of that half and crows; and my baby, the Bully, has to confine his attention to the half he has overrun and conquered, while a wild, delirious, long-pent-up shout of heartfelt relief comes up from the humans on the defended half. Where's that baby of yours—the doctor?"

"There he is," said James; "there he is — picking up the damaged soldiers and trying to bend them straight and set them on their legs again; checking epidemics and diseases arising from the privations and calamities of war, assuaging suffering, and curing and comforting thousands. You'll lose your comet, William—come, confess it!"

"Bah!" said William. "You don't know much of the ways of this pet fancy of yours, the inhabitants of that globule. See—they are about to show their gratitude to our three babies by conferring rewards——"

"They're looking towards my baby, the Healer!" shouted James, excitedly.

Even William was interested out of his wonted calm by the situation.

"They're handing him something done up in paper. What is it?" he shouted.

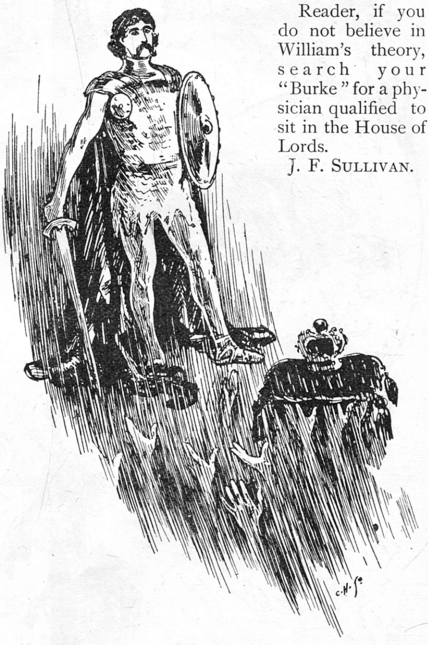
"A baronetcy — there!" shouted James. "And now they're turning to the Thinner-Out who defended one-half of the world! See—what's that they hand to him?"

"A dukedom!" shouted William. "Wait a bit—wait a bit—don't crowd on to my toes—you can see where you are. Now—they're turning towards——"

"Your Bully, the Champion Thinner-Out. They're handing him—don't shove——"

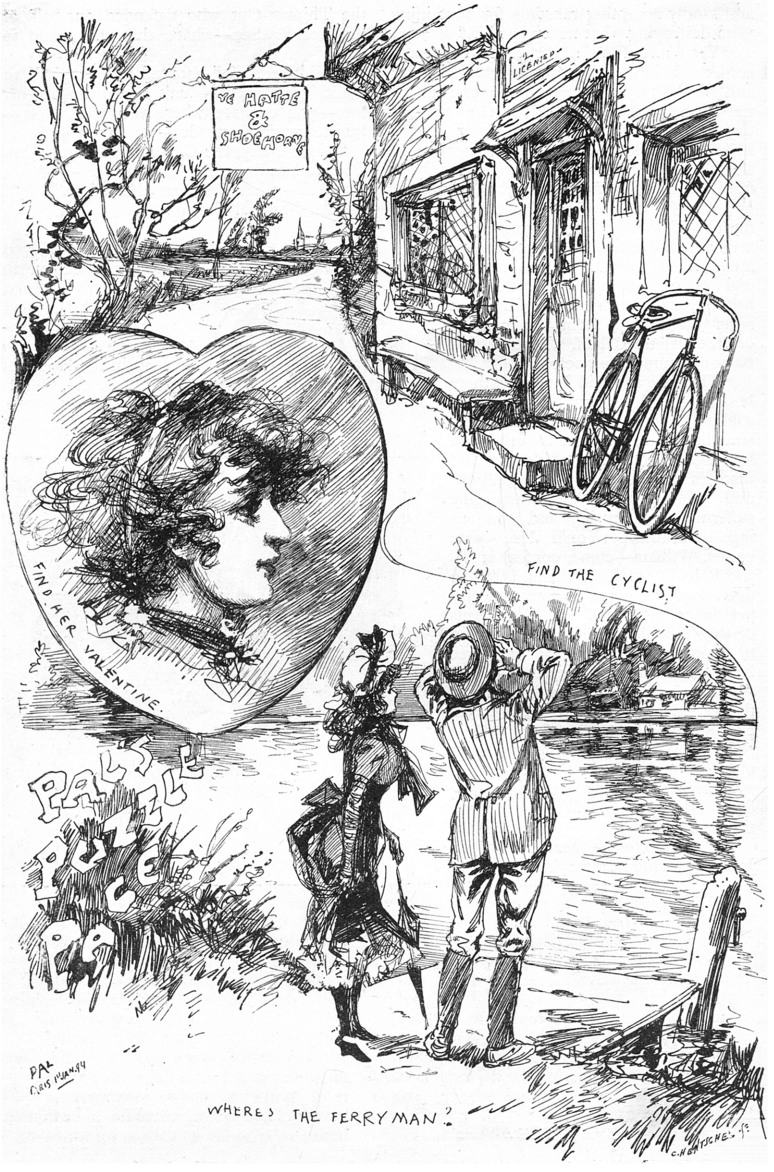
"Well—what?" screamed William.

"An Imperial Crown!" gasped James.



Reader, if you do not believe in William's theory, search your "Burke" for a physician qualified to sit in the House of Lords.

J. F. SULLIVAN.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